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No. 259.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE" AT THE ALHAMBRA.



The final scene in the Palace of Truth: The demon of war stirs up strife amongst the natives, and all the horrors of war are felt throughout the world. But Peace prevails, and summons the Ambassadors to enter and the nations to assemble at the Temple of Peace.—(Photograph by Hall's Studio.)

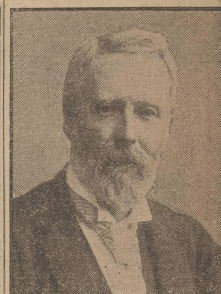
HEROIC IRISH GIRL.



Miss Winifred Green, the sole survivor of the boating party who were capsized on Lough Neagh.



Mr. W. W. Jacobs. His "Beauty and the Barge" has proved an instant success at the New Theatre.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Lord Ellesmere entertained 600 tenants yesterday in celebration of his accession to the great wealth of the Bridgewater Trust.

A BATHING SCENE AT OSTEND.



Three of Ostend's fairest visitors returning to their bathing machines after a frolic in the water.—(Lyddell and Sawyer.)

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.



To-day sees the opening of the partridge shooting. The prospects are excellent, and everywhere the birds seem to be exceptionally healthy and in a forward condition.

BIRTHS.

BROWN DOUGLAS.—On August 30, at East Hill House, Wimbledon, the wife of C. C. Brown Douglas, of a son.
PULLAR.—On the 29th ult. at Minwood, Bridge of Allan, N.B., the wife of William L. Pullar, of a son.
WELBY.—On August 30, at 5, Upper Avenue-road, South Hampstead, N.W., the wife of Edwin Victor Welby (née Talley), of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ROOTS-CARTER.—On August 29, at Llanbellig Church, Carmarvon, the Rev. W. Wynne-Jones, A.C., the Rev. Roots, only son of William Roots, of Tonbridge, Kent, to Gertrude, only daughter of the late W. H. Carter, Carmarvon.
WILSON-FIELD.—On August 8, at Coonor, South India, John Strode Wilson, Esq., Esq., Esq., Esq., D.F.W., eldest son of J. C. Wilson, Esq., D.C.L., of Sherwood House and Leaver College, Oxford, to Amy Isala, daughter of G. Field, Esq., Revenue Depart., Bengal (ret.), and Mrs. Field, Brighton, Coonor.

DEATHS.

DE COUCY-IRELAND.—On August 30, 1904, at the Rectory, Adwick Street, Doncaster the residence of his son, after a brief illness, the Rev. William Stanley de Coucy-Ireland, M.A., of 4, Donnamore, Ave., and formerly Vicar of Chalford, Gloucestershire. Interment at Adwick, to-morrow, September 2, at 5 p.m.
EDWARDS.—On the 29th ult. at 302, Blandford-road, Forest Hill, S.E., Mary, the widow of the late Francis Edwards, of Hailthornden, Hither Green, Lewisham, S.E., aged 82.
GALLOP.—On August 29, at his residence, 27, Normanton-road, Dury, Joseph Gallop, aged 73 years.
PALMER.—On August 29, at Ealing, Middlesex, Sarah Frances Palmer, third daughter of Capt. Edmund Palmer, R.N., C.B., and granddaughter of John Palmer, Esq., M.P. for Bath, aged 82.
ROYLE.—On the 28th ult. at 29, Liverpool-road, Chester, Mary Jane, widow of the late Thomas Vernon Royle, aged 87.

PERSONAL.

E. DEAREST.—Just arrived, from Belong, happy.—E.
AMIE.—Come along if you possibly can, but in any case come.—E. T.
VICTORIA.—I am sorely tempted to steal a march and stay in town rooms, being kept late. Do you think it would be unwise?—E.
SYNCOATED.—It is not fair to fix such extraordinary appointments and then blame me for not keeping them. If you cannot call at the ordinary time, please let me have twenty-four hours notice.—E. HELL.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.—**TONIGHT**, at 8.30, Miss ADA REEVE will produce WINNIE BROOKS, WIDOW. Box Office 10 till 10. Tel. 3,944 Gerrard.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. **TONIGHT** (THURS.) and **TOMORROW** (FRIDAY) EVENING at 8.15, FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY, September 10, at 2.30, MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3,183 Gerrard.

SHAFTESBURY.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15, Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PLEASANT. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY**, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—THE GARDEN OF LIES, a romance, adapted from the story of Justin Miller, Forman, by Spring Leavelle, will be produced on SATURDAY NEXT, September 4, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. FIRST MATINEE SAT., Sept. 10. Box office 10 to 5.

Mr. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. **KENNINGTON THEATRE**, Tel. 1006 Hop.—**NIGHTLY** at 7.45, **MATINEE TO-DAY**, 2.30, **MADAME SHERRY**. NEXT WEEK the charming musical play, **THREE LITTLE MAIDS**. Powerful company of over 50 artists. Entire production from the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—**NIGHTLY** at 8, **MATINEE SATURDAY**, 2.30, **ONE OF THE BEST**. NEXT WEEK Miss Lena Ashwell and West End company, for the first time in London, in an English version of La Moutanier entitled **MARQUEUITE**.

CANDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—**NIGHTLY** at 8, **MATINEE SATURDAY**, 2.30, **LIGHTS O' LONDON**. NEXT WEEK—THE FLOOD TIDE.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—**TONIGHT and FRIDAY** 7.45, **TWO ORPHANS**; **SATURDAY** THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN. NEXT WEEK—WOMAN AND WINE.

THE OXFORD.—R. G. KNOWLES. The successful Eastern Extravaganza, **THE BELLE OF THE ORIENT**; **WILLIE BIRD**, **ELAINE RAVENBERG** and Co. in new drama **THE MAID AND THE BURGUNDY**; **Margaret Ashton**, **Norman French**, **Toni Costello**, **Will Evans**, **Millie London**, **T. E. Dunville**, **JOE MAYN** in **THE WRONG HOUSE**, and other stars. Open 7.25. Box Office open 11 to 5. **SATURDAY MATINEES** at 2.30. Phone 2813 Gerrard. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—**TO-DAY**. **CAFE CHANTANT** at 3.0 and 7.0. **INTERNATIONAL SPORTS and POOL EXHIBITION**. Military Bands. Far East War Pictures. Maxims Firing Machine. Heavy Artillery. Water Chute. **BROOK'S FIREWORKS**, **TONIGHT** at 8.30. Bombardment of Port Arthur.

Table d'Hôte Lunches and Dinners in the New Dining Room overlooking the grounds. Firework Display. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—**WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS**. Under patronage of H.M. the KING, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, and T.R.H. PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES. **NEXT SATURDAY**, Sept. 3rd, also 4th and 10th, at 5.0. Numbered seats (including admission to Palace, 6s. and 2s. 6d.; without admission, 5s. and 2s. 6d.). Thousands can see without extra charge.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. **QUEEN'S HALL**. **EVERY EVENING** at 8, Queen's Hall Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood. Tickets, 1s. 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s., 101s., 102s., 103s., 104s., 105s., 106s., 107s., 108s., 109s., 110s., 111s., 112s., 113s., 114s., 115s., 116s., 117s., 118s., 119s., 120s., 121s., 122s., 123s., 124s., 125s., 126s., 127s., 128s., 129s., 130s., 131s., 132s., 133s., 134s., 135s., 136s., 137s., 138s., 139s., 140s., 141s., 142s., 143s., 144s., 145s., 146s., 147s., 148s., 149s., 150s., 151s., 152s., 153s., 154s., 155s., 156s., 157s., 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IN SUSPENSE.

Victory in the Balance in Manchuria.

TITANIC STRUGGLE.

Days of Fierce but Indecisive Fighting.

JAPANESE LOSSES.

The great battle of Liao-yang is in progress. It will probably prove the most colossal conflict in modern warfare.

So far no definite news has arrived as to how the contest is going.

This morning's telegrams only speak of heavy fighting and great losses on either side.

The battle, which is going on in the neighbourhood of Liao-yang, between hostile forces numbering altogether more than half a million, is being fought on the anniversary of the great surrender of Sedan, in the Franco-Prussian war.

Will the Japanese General Kuroki prove another Moltke?

He is doing his best. Telegrams from the East speak of the splendid dash of the Japanese.

Then came fierce bayonet charges, in which the Japanese attacked with fierce martial ardour, but the Russians, with firm northern staidness, stood their ground doggedly, and the assailants were driven back with great loss.

All day yesterday the fight went on. Hand-to-hand tactics were abandoned, but the force of the cannonade was not equal to that of Tuesday.

A Reuter Special message adds:

The fight began with a tremendous artillery duel. One hundred thousand projectiles were thrown in a single day. There are some 1,300 guns in action on either side, and practically the whole of the Russian force is in the firing line.

Incidents of heroic courage are reported. At one Russian gun all the gunners save one were killed. The survivor, wounded all over, brought the gun to headquarters, and then only left it by the order of the General.

One whole Japanese detachment was annihilated by the fire of the Japanese artillery, who mistook them for Russians.

Time after time it has happened that the Japanese, always on the offensive, have taken positions only to be compelled to retire.

It is terrible to contemplate the loss of life. For the last few days some thousands of men have fallen in each day's fighting. The losses in South Africa pale into insignificance by contrast.

It is a fight of Titans. Hundreds of Russian wounded are being brought into Liao-yang, most of the wounds, it is said, being caused by shrapnel.

A singular reason for the selection of the present time for the great effort is given in a Reuter message from St. Petersburg. It was generally anticipated that the Japanese would make a desperate attempt to celebrate the birthday of the Heir Apparent to the Japanese throne by some great feat of arms.

A veteran Russian general pointed out that the Russians had the same laudable wish during the Russo-Turkish war, and in their vain endeavour to present Plevna to the Emperor Alexander II. as a birthday gift they lost nearer 20,000 men than 10,000.

BEATEN BACK.

Fierce Bayonet Fighting Ends in Japanese Being Repulsed.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday. The General Staff has received the following telegram from General Sakharoff:—

To-day (30th) the Japanese attacked from five in the morning until nine in the evening our advanced positions at Liao-yang on the left bank of the Taïsse River. The artillery and rifle fire at one time was of an extremely violent character. The principal efforts of the Japanese were directed against our central positions and our right flank. Numerous Japanese attacks were repulsed along the entire front.

Our troops made counter attacks, and at several points they crossed bayonets with the enemy. Several positions which had been taken during the fight by the Japanese were recaptured by us towards the end of the fighting. During the artillery duel our batteries outgunned the enemy's artillery.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon we discovered an offensive movement on the part of considerable numbers of the enemy who were endeavouring to turn our right flank. Some battalions drawn from the general reserve of the Army, and part of which advanced against the Japanese flank,

arrested this movement after a hot fight and forced the Japanese to fall back.

The engagement lasted until midnight, ending towards nine o'clock. The troops displayed great gallantry.

The communication made to all the troops, even to the lines of the advanced guards, of the official news of August 26, that the heroic garrison of Port Arthur had repulsed all the Japanese attacks, was received with rejoicing, and still more raised the spirit of the troops, inspiring them with the desire to follow the example of their comrades.

Our losses have not yet been ascertained, but they are considerable. To judge from the number of men who have passed the first-aid stations they must amount to a total of 3,000. The enemy's losses must be very considerable.—Reuter.

REPORTED JAPANESE LOSSES.

Many Prisoners and Forty Guns Abandoned.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

The following telegram of to-day's date has been received here from Mukden:—

A train with over two hundred Japanese, who were captured in yesterday's battle at Liao-yang, passed through here during the night on its way to the north.

The Japanese charged several times with the bayonet during the battle, but were repulsed all along the line with heavy losses. More than forty of their guns were left in the field.

The Russian losses have not yet been definitely ascertained.—Reuter.

KUROPATKIN WILL STAND.

He Considers His Force Equal to the Japanese.

PARIS, Wednesday. The correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" at St. Petersburg states that he learns from a superior officer of the Russian General Staff that General Kuropatkin will not abandon Liao-yang. The fortifications of that town render it "almost impregnable."

General Kuropatkin has at his disposal troops equal in numbers and morale to the Japanese. They consist of six Siberian army corps and two European army corps, with 144 squadrons of cavalry and 300 guns—in all, 250,000 men.

General Kuropatkin has had erected round Liao-yang seventeen forts, heavily armed with artillery. His superiority in cavalry compensates in a certain measure for his inferiority in artillery.

At the Russian General Staff Office perfect confidence is felt. It is denied that General Kuropatkin's retreat has been cut off. The public is less optimistic.

According to a telegram to the "Journal" from Liao-yang, the battle, which has begun there, is to be a decisive one. On the 30th a formidable artillery duel took place, the Russians and Japanese exchanging over 100,000 projectiles. Up to the present, no sudden appearance of Japanese has been reported either in the west, north, or east.—Reuter.

ELEVEN PASSENGERS KILLED

And Twenty-Five Injured in a Canadian Railway Smash.

MONTREAL, Wednesday. A serious railway accident occurred to-day on the Grand Trunk Railway near Richmond, Quebec.

Two passenger trains coming from opposite directions dashed into each other. Nine passengers were instantly killed—two have since died—and some twenty-five were injured.

One of the trains was a special going to Sherbrooke, and the other was a regular train coming from Montreal.

Mr. Blanchet, Liberal member of Parliament for St. Hyacinthe, is among the killed.—Reuter.

WOULD RATHER BE POOR.

COLOGNE, Wednesday.

Fortune has suddenly come to a servant-girl who was brought up a foundling. She has been left, besides a very large sum of money, two houses in the Avenue Unter den Linden, in Berlin. She is, however, most unwilling to enter upon her inheritance, and would much rather remain a servant-girl.

GERMAN BECK CASE.

BERLIN, Wednesday.

A working man named Szepokat, of Kuckfalle, has just concluded a term of three months' imprisonment for an offence of which he is now proved not guilty.

He was charged with stealing coal of the value of a few pence.

When arrested on a charge of having bigamously married Eliza Tanner at Holyhead, William Pryor, of Bristol, said: "I was drunk and hardly knew what I was doing." He has been committed for trial.

EMBRACING A CORPSE.

Mother's Touching Grief Over Her Dead Daughter.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.

A terrible and revolting scene took place yesterday in the cemetery of Chaville.

A Parisian beauty, Mlle. d'Arland, was taken suddenly ill the other day and died.

Her mother suspected foul play, and declared that her daughter had been poisoned. The unfortunate girl had been buried at Chaville, and on Tuesday her body was exhumed. At this exhumation terrible scenes took place.

The mother waited at the cemetery long before the officials arrived, sobbing and kissing a photograph of her dead daughter.

On the appearance of the magistrates she commenced shrieking and pointing to the tomb.

"There," she screamed, "is poison!" As soon as the coffin was disinterred she seized it and tried to tear it open. When it was opened she rushed upon the body and embraced it. She was only comparatively calmed by the cutting of a lock of the dead woman's hair.

A preliminary examination has shown that the dead woman took morphia in very large quantities.

PLAGUE OF SHARKS.

War in the East Causes Them to Emigrate.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

TRIESTE, Wednesday.

A queer result of the war in the Far East is the presence of an ever-increasing number of sharks in the Adriatic. So grave is their increase that fishermen are agitating for special steps to be taken, as the sharks practically exterminate all fish.

The unanimous opinion is that these sharks have fled the Far East, finding their existence menaced by the constant explosions of mines. They have followed ships, according to their habit, and thus passed through the Suez Canal. Their presence is feared both in the Black Sea and the Danube.

HUNT FOR DIAMONDS.

Who Will Find the Hatton Garden Treasure?

The field near Cambridge in which, according to the self-accused thief's confession, lies a tin box containing seventy-three diamonds, the property of a Hatton Garden setter of precious stones, has not yet been discovered.

In confessing the theft to the Clerkenwell magistrate David Birne said he stole the stones on August 4, and threw them away the same day. If a proper search were made he was sure they would be recovered. But the searchers are unable to report success.

The box was an ordinary flat tin one made to hold twenty-five cigarettes, and the lucky finder will at once identify it by the name of a well-known Bristol firm of tobacco factors.

It contained seventy-three stones, fixed in black wax, in eight ranges of five stones each for half-hoop rings, one range of fifteen stones for a marriage ring, and two clusters of eighteen other diamonds.

GOLD COINAGE FOR CHINA.

China, that has for so many centuries been content with an irregular silver coinage, is to adopt a gold standard.

The Commissioner sent out by the American Government to arrange a uniform monetary system with a gold basis has returned after nine months' work.

To him Prince Ching, China's Prime Minister, has now written that he finds himself in hearty accord with the Commissioner's ideas, and that the Commissioner's recommendations shall be carried out immediately.

LAND OF AWFUL SILENCE.

A commission of medical men is leaving Sydney (writes our correspondent) for the interior of Australia to study the effect of silence upon the nerves.

In Australian forest regions, where there is no water, scarcely any animals, and only dumb birds the silence creates a horrible state of nervous depression, in which the victim is absolutely frightened at the sound of his own voice.

The general remedy is to fire revolvers from time to time.

Mr. Herbert Beauchamp, the well-known golf player, and son of the late Lord Charles Beauchamp, is dead.

Fire broke out on the royal mail steamer Ortona soon after her arrival in Tilbury Dock yesterday. The machinery was badly damaged.

HUMAN OGRE.

Farmer Who Killed Men to Avoid Paying Them.

FIVE BODIES FOUND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

Intense excitement has been caused throughout America by the discovery of two more bodies, supposed to be victims of Gershon Marx, the Colchester farmer, who is charged with a hideous series of crimes.

Probably no fewer than ten distinct charges of murder will be preferred against this monster, whose sole motive appears to have been robbery. His trial is likely to prove one of the most sensational held for many years.

Marx is a Polish Jew, seventy years of age. He has lived on a farm near Colchester, Conn., for seven years, during which time ten persons have disappeared under circumstances which point to Marx as their assassin.

Three bodies have actually been found, in each case the skull being smashed and the body mutilated in precisely the same fashion.

MOTIVES OF AVARICE.

The murders are the work of one man, almost without a doubt, and most of the victims are men who were in Marx's employment.

He is extremely avaricious, and apparently his only motive could have been to avoid paying wages that were due, the sum in each case being no more than £10.

His wife assisted him in these frightful deeds, and she also is under arrest.

Last April Marx employed a man to fill up an old cellar, and while so engaged the man came upon the body of a Polish labourer named Caroli.

He at once informed the police, without mentioning the discovery to his employer. But Marx got wind of it and fled.

He was hunted throughout the county by the sheriff and a posse of 100 men, and was arrested on April 19, in New York, on the information of a man named Levine, who thereby secured £250 reward.

Vigorous search is being made for the other bodies.

Marx has been married three times, and has twenty-four children.

KING EDWARD AT MARIENBAD.

King Edward is winning golden opinions at Marienbad. At dinner his Majesty is a humorous conversationalist, and full of anecdotes. His Majesty only drinks a rather sour Austrian wine, and is found of grouse, which is sent him from Scotland. He likes to get through his meals as quickly as possible, and has dinner in less than an hour.

FELL IN A SEA OF PETROLEUM.

One of the workmen who was reported missing after the big petroleum stores' fire at Antwerp had a wonderful escape.

He fell off a roof into a reservoir of petroleum, and was carried along by the current, and finally got out by the sluice. Seized by mania at his horrible experience he then ran six miles and fell exhausted.

£2 2s. TO HEAR A SPEECH.

The keenest interest is being shown in Luton in the preparations for Mr. Chamberlain's great meeting on October 1st.

The erection of the building in which the meeting of 8,500 people is to be held is already well advanced.

Tickets of admission are from £2 2s. to 5s.

STAGE MANAGER RUN OVER.

Mr. Snell, the stage manager at Terry's Theatre, was crossing the Strand at half-past seven last night and opening his umbrella.

A passing cab, unseen by Mr. Snell, knocked him down and ran over him. He was taken to Charing Cross Hospital in a serious condition.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: North-westerly breezes; changeable, showery to fair; cool.

Lightning-up time: 7.44 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

RUSSIAN SPIES

Offering Bribes to Various English Employees.

STARTLING STORY.

Agents of the Russian Government have spread over this country a network of spies who are now actively at work. Their centres of activity are the docks and the principal manufacturing towns.

"It has been reported to me," the owner of a steamship line trading to the East said yesterday, "that an offer has been made to one of my clerks for a copy of the manifest of a cargo for China. The sum offered, considering the circumstances, was considerable."

"The offer was refused. But it would have been quite easy to give, verbally, an idea of the cargo without running the risk of copying the manifest."

"A firm of motor-car makers had an order for four powerful automobiles. They were to be consigned, in parts, as 'machinery' to a Chinese port."

Alarmed the Shippers.

"At the last moment the shipper refused to take them. A certain mysterious stranger had been so active in making inquiries that suspicions were aroused. Investigations were made, and then it was found that the mechanics employed in the construction of the cars, and the clerks in the makers' office, had been 'approached' for information."

"The presence of goods which excited so much interest on the ship would so certainly have led to trouble that the shipper declined them."

The accounts of attempts made by Russian officers to bribe members of the Malacca's crew are put into shade by a story that is now being circulated in shipping circles.

A certain ship captured by the Russians was, it is said, merely two days overdue. Her machinery had been mysteriously deranged, and it is freely hinted that one of her officers is suspected of wilfully causing the trouble in order that the Russians might have a better chance of waylaying her.

We print the story with all reserve; but it throws some light on the feeling among shippers and others who know what goes on behind the scenes.

It is known that ships' clerks have been, in the most direct manner, asked to sell information.

Watching Yorkshire Mills.

Russian agents are said to be watching a mill in Yorkshire where navy cloth is being made. They apparently suspect it is intended for the Japanese Government. Should this prove to be the case the St. Petersburg Government will be informed, and the vessel carrying the cloth will be marked down for seizure.

The Russians are very anxious to locate the source of supply whence the Japanese are getting clothing and blankets.

Undertakers are at present anxious about the movements of the Russian cruiser Don, which left Yoko the day before yesterday—a day after a cargo for Japan left London.

FIRE WATCHERS INJURED.

Many Spectators Hurt by a Falling Wall at Chelsea.

The fire which broke out at the Lock and Gatecliffe timber wharves in Chelsea on Tuesday evening was still burning late last night.

Twenty-five steamers and 200 firemen were at work through the early hours of yesterday morning. No one was in the building when the fire began, and no casualties are reported among the firemen.

Many spectators, however, were injured by the fall of the pronged railings and part of the wall of the Grosvenor-road Pumping Station, on which they were standing to watch the flames.

John Wilkins, a man of sixty-seven, got a spike in his forehead, and it required no fewer than seven stitches at St. George's Hospital to put it right. Frank Threadgold, fourteen, also got spiked in the head.

Mark Butler's foot was rather badly crushed. Edward Greenwood, seventeen, fractured his elbow.

Edward Humphries, twelve, has a crushed hip, and possibly a broken thigh as well as internal injuries.

There were many minor casualties among people standing underneath the railings, and one man had his bicycle frame twisted so that the wheels lay literally side by side.

CELLULOID CAR TICKETS.

Payment of tramway fares by means of celluloid discs has been introduced as an experiment in Manchester.

A red disc represents a penny, and a blue one a halfpenny, and they are sold in packets.

MILLIONAIRE'S INVASION.

American Oil King Wants a London Bank.

John D. Rockefeller, the richest millionaire of America, is about to invade England.

He already has a foothold in this country with the Anglo-American Oil Company, an offshoot of the Standard Oil Company, of which he is president; but his next step is to be the establishment of a bank in London.

It will be a big bank, capitalised with many millions of pounds, and backed by hundreds of millions sterling.

Mr. Rockefeller already has two banks in New York, the largest and most important banks in America. One of them, the Lincoln National Bank, he bought outright from the Vanderbilts.

American financiers now in London say that Mr. Rockefeller is about to follow a similar course in this country.

They are unable to indicate what bank is most likely to take his fancy, but there are several banks here that can be purchased with a small part of Mr. Rockefeller's means.

Mr. Rockefeller's confidential man, Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, will shortly visit London. He is the man who successfully engineered the purchase of the Lincoln Bank.

Mr. H. C. Du Val, vice-president of the Vanderbilt system of railways in America, interviewed last night said:—

"Mr. Rockefeller must find new fields for his immense capital."

"I presume he hopes to find in England means of further accumulating wealth."

L.C.C.'S THAMES STEAMERS.

Fleet of Fast Boats to Be Running Next May.

The welcome report from Glasgow that the L.C.C. had ordered a number of small river steamers for the Thames service was premature.

Shipbuilding firms have been invited to send in designs, but nothing can be done in placing orders for the new Thames steamers until the County Council Committee meets later in the month.

The first business to be taken, however, when the Council meets, is the selection of the type of new steamer for river passenger traffic, and the Steamboat Act provides for thirty river paddle boats, which will cost £210,000.

From inquiries yesterday a *Mirror* representative learnt that the contracts will not be given to one firm.

Boats will be built on the Thames and on the Clyde to expedite matters and provide an efficient service to run between Hammersmith and Greenwich by next May.

One condition will be insisted upon by the Council which will ensure a speedy service on the river. The boats, fully loaded with 500 passengers, must be able to steam thirteen miles an hour.

WEDDING STOPS RAILWAY.

Strange Effect of a Londoner's Swiss Marriage.

When Mr. Fritz Schwenker, assistant manager of the London Savoy Hotel, marries Miss Maria Bislin on the 17th of this month a railway will be closed to the public for a day.

Two years ago Mr. Schwenker met the lady on the Wartenstein Mountain, in Switzerland, where he had gone to attend the wedding of one of her relatives.

The two fell in love at sight, and have now arranged to be married on that same mountain.

The railway which winds round the Wartenstein belongs to relatives of Miss Bislin, and so that none but invited guests may enjoy the festival the trains will cease running for the day as soon as the bridal party have been taken up.

Photographs of the happy couple appear on page 8.

COLLISION IN A SUMMER FOG.

During a dense fog off the Northumberland coast yesterday morning the Sunderland collier Cleadow was run down and sunk by the Norwegian steamer Dagny.

The Cleadow was struck amidships, and disappeared in fifteen minutes. All the crew managed to get aboard the Dagny.

SHOT BY HER BROTHER.

A little girl, named Dorothy Cooper, daughter of a gamekeeper at Farnham, was accidentally shot dead by her brother, a child of ten.

The father, on returning from shooting rabbits, placed his loaded gun in the scullery. The boy picked up the weapon, and pointing it at his sister pulled the trigger. The side of her face was completely shattered.

Mr. Dickinson, at the Thames Police Court yesterday, referred to the fine of £10 for indecent bathing, a sum which the up-river magistrates consider insufficient as "fines for millionaires."

MARRIED IN HASTE.

Embarrassed Bridal Couple Wedded Against Time.

A bridal couple that were to have been married at a Northampton chapel yesterday had a most embarrassing experience.

The bridegroom and the congregation were in attendance at the time fixed, but the Rev. G. Startup, who should have performed the ceremony, did not appear.

It was at first thought that he would arrive late, but the minutes passed, and there was no sign of the clergyman.

Shortly after the hour arranged, the bride appeared. Then messengers were sent in every direction for the absent minister, but to the consternation of all concerned he was nowhere to be found.

Anxiously the bridal party waited. The bride wept and was inconsolable. The time passed, and as the hour of three, after which no marriage can be performed, approached, it appeared that the ceremony would have to be postponed until another day.

But the superstition that a postponed wedding was unlucky nearly sent the bride into hysterics, and then a happy thought struck the bridegroom.

There was a registrar in waiting, and just before the fateful hour he hurried through the civil ceremony and made the happy pair one just as the clock was striking.

It was afterwards discovered that the clergyman had been under a misapprehension as to the day fixed.

RECTOR AS HOP-PICKER.

Stepney Clergyman Living in a Tent in Kent.

The Rev. R. Wilson, rector of St. Augustine's, Stepney, has this year commenced his annual mission among the hoppers in a novel fashion. He has erected large tents on five separate fields.

By having a tent on each farm, the hoppers have no occasion to pass waypoints inns on their way to meetings. Larger attendances are the result.

With the aid of magic lanterns and the smoking concerts, Mr. Wilson finds that a little wholesome preaching is by no means unpopular with the slum-dwellers from the East End.

He has also established a field hospital, with trained nurses, sickness being rife among the children. By this means the gratitude of parents is earned and much good done.

It is extremely difficult to get into touch with individuals in crowded Stepney, and the annual hopping expedition is a valuable help.

The farmers are keenly alive to the good done, and they afford Mr. Wilson every possible assistance.

The rector himself will live under canvas with the others, and even pick hops on occasion.

KING BUYS A HOUSE.

New Royal Residence at the Racing Headquarters.

The King has purchased a house at Newmarket. His Majesty, who rarely misses a meeting at the racing headquarters, has up to the present been content with a suite of apartments at the Jockey Club.

But he has now purchased Grafton House, formerly the residence of Sir E. Cassel, which stands nearly opposite the Jockey Club in High-street.

It is believed in Newmarket that the Prince of Wales, who has this season displayed the keenest interest in racing, will for the future occupy the royal suite in the Jockey Club at race time.

Grafton House is a large and commodious building, to which the late Baron Hirsch added some well-designed improvements.

TESTING CHEAP MOTORS.

Thirty-one cars left the Drill Hall, Hereford, yesterday morning on the third day's run in the light motor trials. A circuitous route was taken, the cars travelling northwards to Bromyard, west to Leominster, and south again to Hereford, making a total of fifty miles.

A drizzling rain fell during the greater part of the morning run. On the whole the cars behaved well, and with a few exceptions reached Hereford in close order. Five cars had slight trouble on the hills, and there was one accident. A lady was knocked down by a backing car, but sustained no injuries.

£4,000 JEWEL ROBBERY.

On a charge of being concerned in stealing £4,000 from the Hotel Regina, at Ostend, on Thursday last, Giovanni Falsini, aged twenty-one, was remanded at Bow-street yesterday. He was arrested at a house off St. Martin's-lane, W.C., early yesterday morning.

MUMMY'S CURSE.

Malignant Spell Attaches to an Ancient Coffin.

ROLL OF DISASTER.

Is a terrible curse of the priestess of Amen-Ra, who died in Egypt 3,500 years ago, having effect in London to-day?

Abundant as the question may sound, there are many prosaic business men who within the last few days have been given good reason for answering it in the affirmative.

The mummy case which once contained the body of the priestess, who was also a princess, is in the British Museum, numbered 22,422 in the catalogue.

The history of the case, from its discovery to the time of its housing in the Museum, is one of death and disaster, and now, within the last few days, its spell seems to have been at work again.

The gentleman who bought it from its Arab finder in 1864 lost his fortune within a few weeks, and shortly afterwards died. Two of his servants, who had handled the coffin, died within twelve months. A third has lost his arm, owing to a gunshot wound.

Death and Disaster.

On being transferred to London the case brought unmeasured misfortunes to its new owner. Then came a startling development, which suggested a connection between these disasters and the mummy case.

A photographer who attempted to make a picture of it got a negative, not of the cast of a face which is on the box, but of a living Egyptian woman, whose features were an aspect of horrid malignity. Shortly afterwards that photographer died.

The case was then transferred to the British Museum. The carrier who removed it thither died within a week, and one of the men who helped to set it in its place broke his leg next day.

Such is the recorded history of the coffin cover until a few weeks ago. The latest of these extraordinary cases occurred quite recently, and we publish this account on the authority of Mr. W. A. Mansell, the well-known photographer, of 405, Oxford-street, W.

A gentleman interested in Egyptology desired a photograph of the mummy case, and a few days ago commissioned Mr. Mansell's firm to take one. As the case stands in an awkward angle, Mr. Mansell's son and his photographer visited the Museum together to confer as to the best means of performing the work.

Spell at Work Again.

When returning home in the train Mr. Mansell, jun., smashed his thumb so badly that he has not been able to use his right hand since. The photographer got home safely, but only to find that one of his children had fallen through a glass frame and sustained dangerous injuries.

Nothing deterred the photographer returned to the Museum next day, and photographed the case. Lifting his head suddenly as he took the picture, he struck against the frame of a glass case, and cut his nose to the bone. At the same time he dropped a valuable screen, which is rendered useless by the fall.

He succeeded, however, in taking an excellent photograph, which will be reproduced in to-morrow's *Mirror*.

Can scientists or spiritualists offer any possible explanation of this extraordinary series of disasters?

GREAT SHIPPING DEAL.

International Agreement as to South American Trade.

The *Mirror* is in a position to state that as a result of the meeting of shipowners at Hamburg a great international agreement has been come to, affecting England, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, in connection with South American trade. For some time past a great deal of cutting has taken place.

The agreement now reached provides for the unification of their rates, and establishes an international conference.

A prominent shipping authority in the City yesterday confirmed this statement.

COMEDIAN AND WIDOW.

Mr. R. G. Knowles, the well-known American comedian, has had a quaint experience at the Tivoli Music Hall.

He had just sung a song about widows and their idiosyncrasies when a smart little woman rose from the stalls and indignantly retorted that the widow was not quite so black as she was painted.

The comedian suggested that men were obvious brutes to die and leave such fair creatures behind.

"Your own conscience will tell you if there are insects in the room," Mr. D'Eyncourt said at the North London Court yesterday to a landlord whose lodgers had left the house on the ground of annoyance from this cause.

'NOBODY LOVED HER.'

Artiste's Suicide Before
Her Child's Eyes.

DRAMA OF A CHEQUERED LIFE

The coroner's comment of "a sad ending to what is termed a gay life," at the inquest yesterday on Minnie Peters, a music-hall artiste, who committed suicide at Stoke Newington on Sunday, inadequately described the drama of her chequered career and tragic death.

Even more distressing than the woman's sad history was the fact that she deliberately took her life in the presence of her ten-year-old daughter. The child described in court the terrible scene of which she was the only witness.

The life story of the dead woman was given by two of her aunts. A native of Whitechapel, her piece went into domestic service, and at the age of seventeen gave birth to a child, but never disclosed the name of her betrayer. Afterwards she joined a travelling troupe of trapezists, and with them visited Germany, Russia, and other countries. Then her relatives heard that she was in domestic service again, and eventually she came to London, and as "Mrs. Adams" lived in lodgings where signs of her poverty were only too evident to the landlady, who, out of kindness of heart, took care of the child.

How Her Mother Died.

In simple language the little girl told how she and her mother went practically without food, and gave a painfully vivid picture of her mother's end. Her mother called her into the bedroom and then hung herself.

The Coroner: What with?
The child, pointing to a piece of linen, answered, "With that. She put it round her neck. She was sitting on the bedstead crying. She threw herself back and the linen came undone, and she tied it again and then knelt down and died."

The Coroner: Did you know hanging meant dying?—Yes.

What was the trouble about?—She was crying, and said nobody loved her.

After evidence had been given by an out-of-work painter named Smith, who had lived with Minnie Peters for the past fifteen months, and a cab-driver named Adams, who had parted from her three years ago, but occasionally helped her since, the jury found a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity due to poverty.

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

How a Visitor to London Lost His
Gold Watch.

The sight of an elderly gentleman in Guildford street at midnight on Tuesday crying, "Stop, thief!" attracted the attention of a constable, and led him to arrest a well-dressed young woman, named Mary Green, whom he discovered running along Great Coram-street.

The elderly gentleman, Mr. Edward Williams, gave her into custody on a charge of stealing his gold watch, which he valued at £25. It was found in her possession by the constable.

Mr. Williams told the magistrate at Bow-street yesterday that he was on a visit to London from Wales, and met the prisoner in Piccadilly-circus. He drove to Guildford-street where, as they were parting company, the girl, he alleges, snatched his watch as she alighted from the cab.

He was closely cross-examined as to whether he had not drunk whisky at a number of restaurants, but denied that he was worse for drink. He bought a lobster for his acquaintance at her request.

The magistrate ordered a remand.

MAKING DRURY LANE SAFE.

Had all the alterations to Drury Lane Theatre proposed by the L.C.C. been carried out, said the chairman of the company yesterday, they would have meant a monstrous expenditure of money.

The demands, however, had been reduced by the arbitrator, and their cost would be from £20,000 to £25,000. The theatre would have to be closed till Christmas.

Drury Lane would be one of the safest theatres in the world when the alterations were complete.

BEWARE OF COLDS.

Now is the time to beware of colds. After Monday's maximum of 79 deg, in the shade there was a drop of 24 deg, yesterday's maximum being only 55 deg.

And the drop in the temperature was not the only danger—yesterday's damp, miserable atmosphere was calculated to have a most unpleasant effect upon lightly-clad men and women.

There is no prospect of an immediate rise in the temperature, and the warning for to-day is, "Beware of colds."

"PALACE OF MYSTERY."

Sceptical Clients at a Regent-
street Palmist's.

Among others who have in the past sought an insight into the future through the good offices of Professor and Mme. Keiro, palmists and clairvoyants, is Mrs. Amy Betts, who has followed the occupation of private detective at the Army and Navy Stores. It is true that Mrs. Betts approached the "magicians" in a sceptical spirit, and it was from this point of view she described her experiences to Mr. Plowden at Marlborough-street yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, otherwise Professor and Mme. Keiro, appeared in the dock again to answer charges under the Witchcraft Act of 1735, "Yoga," in private life a Mr. Tricker, also had a seat in the court.

Mrs. Betts was told by Mme. Keiro that her husband was a contractor, which is not the case, the witness said.

Mr. Plowden saw an opportunity. "But he married you," he interposed. "That's a contract, surely?"

Before the lady detective left the witness-box the magistrate asked her to enumerate specific instances of untrue statements by Madame.

Mrs. Betts: She said that I had "great changes" at the ages of eleven, seventeen, and twenty-four, and I had had no changes.

Mr. Plowden: Madame may have meant changes of air.

The Professor's "Palace of Mystery" was searched by Inspector Drew, who stated that he found a variety of letters from anxious clients.

At the conclusion of the case the magistrate said he would give his decision next week.

THEIR MOTHER'S HONOUR.

Three Brothers Accused of Libelling
a Lady

Three young men at Muswell Hill are alleged to have published a statement detrimental to a young lady living in the neighbourhood, and summonses for libel were granted against them at Highgate yesterday.

The lady's solicitor, in making the application, stated that the three young men, who are brothers, had circulated over 2,000 documents purporting to be copies of the marriage certificate of their father and mother. To each copy was appended a statement to the effect that the lady in question had said that their mother was not married to their father, and that she had alleged that she herself was his legal wife. They wished to publish the actual facts, it was added, in defence of their mother's honour.

The solicitor went on to say that the lady, who is said to be a music-teacher, had suffered in her profession. Crowds assembled nightly outside her residence, and the publication was calculated to lead to a breach of the peace.

The Chairman: A breach of the peace! What, one woman against three young men?

The Solicitor: Certainly.
Additional summonses were also granted on the grounds of assault and wilful damage, and against two other persons for assisting in the publication of the libel.

CHILDREN FOR THE "TEMPEST."

Mr. Plowden found his somewhat dingy court at Marylebone crowded with bright children yesterday morning. Twenty-five little girls and boys filled nearly all the available space before him.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, it was explained, sought permission for them to take part in the coming performances of the "Tempest" at His Majesty's Theatre.

The magistrate, after hearing evidence, smilingly granted the necessary licence, and smiling back at him the merry children filed out of the court.

BETS IN A GREENHOUSE.

Evidence of very extensive betting operations was given at Barnsey yesterday in a case in which Herbert Lindley, a bookmaker, of Hoyland, was charged with using his garden for betting purposes.

The police said sixty-five and 151 men were seen to use the garden on two days, and bets were made in the greenhouse on Saturday.

Fines amounting to £50 were imposed.

DEAD SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

It is now definitely known that the real name of the woman who was shot in Shrapnell Barracks, Woolwich, on Tuesday was Elizabeth Baldry. She was twenty-four years of age and came from Cambridge.

She is said to be an actress out of employment. Last night she was fast sinking.

The inquest on Budgeon will be held to-morrow.

A coroner's jury at Gillingham yesterday returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Samuel Reed, who cut his wife's throat.

GREAT CHANNEL SWIM.

Weidman Enters the Lists for
the "Mirror" Trophy.

Mr. J. H. Weidman, the well-known Dover amateur swimmer, has entered the lists, and will swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy and the hundred-guinea watch made by Messrs. Kendal and Dent.

Meanwhile Holbein is still "in the swim," and practising steadily at Margate.

Interviewed last night by our representative at Dover, Weidman said he was in the best of trim, and had great hope of success.

"I have gone in for this swim," he declared, "with the firm intention of seeing it through. It has been an ambition of mine ever since I was a lad, when my tutor, Captain Webb, got across."

"I have never yet felt fagged out after swimming, and feel sure that I can do twenty hours or more. It is my opinion that if I get anything like luck I shall get across from Dover to Calais in about eighteen hours."

"I am forty years old, and weigh 13st., so that I have a good covering against salt water soakage. I have been swimming ever since I was quite a tiny chap—about six or seven. I am told by my pilot, Captain Atkins, that, with good weather, Sunday will be the best day to go."

Holbein went for a practice swim off Margate yesterday afternoon. He was in the water for an hour. The sea was smooth, and the temperature of the water was 61deg. A great crowd greeted him as he stepped on shore.

To-day Holbein will vary his training by walking from Margate to Canterbury, leaving the Cinque Ports Hotel at ten o'clock.

TEARS FOR DROWNED BABIES.

Touching Scene at the Funeral of
Three Little Victims.

An extremely touching sight was witnessed in Westminster Bridge-road yesterday. Outside the premises of a private undertaker's premises had collected an enormous crowd, attracted by the funeral of the three babies whose mother, Mrs. Jane Martin, is alleged to have drowned at Peabody-buildings, Southwark.

In drizzling rain three tiny coffins were borne from the house and placed in the waiting hearse. At the sight women gave way completely to their emotions. Even men were heard to sob, and few were able to gaze unmoved upon the spectacle.

Upon the elm coffin of each little victim was a silver plate giving the child's name and age. The eldest of the children was four and a half years old, while the other two were respectively aged three years and eleven months.

Among the twenty-one wreaths which were placed on the hearse was one from the father, the rest being chiefly from neighbours. One bore the inscription:—

Six little hands for ever clasped
Six little eyes for ever closed
And sweetly taking rest.

The burial took place at Woodgrange Park Cemetery, where two other children of the Martins have been buried.

GIRL'S STORY OF HYPNOTISM.

After being hypnotised, the girl says, by Louis Max Muller, a ladies' tailor, of Fulham, a fifteen-year-old apprentice named Emilie Klein is alleged to have been assaulted.

At West London yesterday, when Muller was committed for trial, the mother of the girl stated that she had seen a number of books on hypnotism in the prisoner's room.

"INVADER" IN THE COURTS.

The case of Seton-Karr v. French stood in the Vacation Court list for hearing yesterday, but the Judge acceded to an application that it should be held over for a fortnight.

It is understood that the action has been brought on the ground of the alleged trespass of troops during recent Army manoeuvres.

WALES WILL TURN.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., is looking forward to an auction campaign in Wales on the subject of the Education Act.

"The Government," he says, "will have to encounter the passive resistance of a whole nation, which has hitherto been the most law-abiding part of the community."

STILL SILENCE.

This is the thirteenth day since Messrs. Lewis and Lewis demanded an inquiry by the Home Office into the cruel case of Adolf Beck; but, though this demand has been backed up by the entire Press, no reply has yet been vouchsafed.

The question of compensation to Mr. Beck has been shelved.

BURGLARS RAMPANT.

More Police Wanted To
Protect London.

ROBBING AN INSPECTOR.

An outcry for increased police protection is at present rising from every part of suburban London. It is caused by the impunity with which the enterprising burglar pursues his career.

The general complaint is well expressed by Mr. John Burns in an interview which appeared in yesterday's "*Daily News*."

"Scotland Yard," he says, "is the only responsible body which has not kept pace with changing ideals. This is because it is not representative of London."

"The street policeman is in many ways admirable. Indeed, he is by far the best constable in the world, and he would rise to his opportunity if he were not held down by a timid, centralised, vacillating bureaucracy, organised on military lines by officials who know not the ways of the city they serve."

Policy of Silence.

It is probable that the general public has only a faint idea of the number of cases of house-breaking that occur every week in London.

The inspector of a burglary insurance company states that only a small proportion of the burglaries actually committed are reported in the papers. The police advise householders who complain of burglaries to "say nothing about it for the present," with the object of facilitating the recovery of the stolen property.

Yesterday provided overwhelming evidence of the gravity of the present epidemic.

At Slough Police Court two men named Henry Smith and Albert Carter were committed for trial for a burglary at the Windsor-road residence of M. Cavalier, French master at Eton. They were cleverly arrested at Lampton, near Hounslow, by Police-Sergeant Coombes, who noticed an empty tin trunk in a field. From it he traced the two men to Norwood Green, where he arrested them with some of M. Cavalier's property in their possession. The Bench highly commended the sergeant.

Another Smart Capture.

At Teddington a man named Frederick Gowan was remanded on a charge of burglary at a house at Teddington.

About midnight last Saturday Constable Barton's attention was attracted by the suspicious behaviour of the prisoner, whom he noticed to be wearing rubber-soled shoes. When the constable pursued him, he turned and threw a knife at him. Eventually, after a struggle, he was taken to the police station. The constable returned to the house near which he had first noticed the man, and found it had been entered and rifled. Its occupants were absent on holidays.

At Gravesend yesterday the houses of the Mayor of Gravesend and Inspector Taylor were entered, and valuable articles were stolen.

WRONGFULLY DETAINED IN GAOL.

Mr. Justice Bigham expressed himself strongly in the Vacation Court with regard to the case of a man named Jackson, who had been kept in Wakefield Gaol longer than the requirements of strict justice demanded.

Jackson had been committed to prison for contempt of court in failing to supply an account of sales of an article, alleged to be an infringement of a patent.

Upon the Judge learning yesterday that a partial list of sales had been returned, he at once granted a petition for Jackson's release. "You want me to keep a man in prison until somebody else pays something," he exclaimed to counsel who opposed the application, adding emphatically, "I shall not do it!"

It was stated at an inquest in St. Pancras Coroner's Court yesterday that, while the dead body of an old woman lay in a small room in Whitfield-street, her son and his wife had continued to sleep there.

SILVER
MOUNTED CIGAR CASES.

FOUR SILVER CORNERS, HALL-MARKED.

RETAIL PRICE ...	6/6
OUR PRICE (post paid) ...	4/6

A limited number of these splendid Cigar Cases will be sold at the above absurd price to introduce to you our Smoking Specialties.

SEND AT ONCE. YOUR MONEY COMES BACK IF YOU ARE NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

P.O. TO
THE VALDORA CIGAR CO.,
20, Seething House, 91, Great Tower Street,
London, E.C.

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

Every division of Cheshire is to be contested by the Liberal Party at the general election.

Two youths, named Dawkins and Cross, have been drowned bathing in a creek near Hunstanton.

Admiral G. Parker, who died yesterday at the age of seventy-seven, was from 1877 to 1889 Master of the Dartmouth Foxhounds.

During the past twenty years the night population of seven of the principal City parishes has decreased from 38,560 to 12,226.

LIFEBOAT RULE ON TRAMCAR.

"The lifeboat rule is: 'Women and children first.'"

This is the inscription in bold black letters on white enamel which meets the eye of passengers on the crowded Belfast tramcars.

SEA-ANGLING SPORT.

In six hours' fishing off the Shakespeare Cliff at Dover two sea anglers have caught one hundred and seventy pounds' weight of fish.

The take included seven fine salmon bass and five large conger eels.

STAMFORD BRIDGE'S LAST MEETING.

After a quarter of a century at Stamford Bridge Grounds the London Athletic Club announce their last meeting there on September 24.

Every effort will be made to arrange a programme worthy of the occasion.

FATHER ESCAPES FINE.

"You may escape a fine by punishing the lad to the satisfaction of the police," said the Brentford magistrates to the father of a boy charged with damaging a shed.

Father and son sat in the dock, and the police reported the parental reproof had been energetic and satisfactory.

FORTY SHILLINGS OR A NUMBER.

Handsworth, a residential suburb of Birmingham, is governed by a strictly utilitarian district council.

The confusing custom of villas to give themselves names instead of numbers is strictly interdicted.

Every house without a number has been served with a notice that unless it is properly numbered within a week a penalty of forty shillings will be incurred.

CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.

The work of restoration at the historic church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is approaching completion. The unveiling of the statue of Milton, which will stand in front of the church, will take place on or about November 2, says the "City Press," the actual date having not yet been fixed.

The dedication of the new windows of the church will take place on Sunday, October 23, when a harvest festival will also be held.

HEALTHY ALLEY CHILDREN.

Dr. Thomas, medical officer of health in the East End, states that the conditions of child life are better in the courts and alleys than in the model dwelling-houses.

In the former the children play in the courts, but upstairs in the models the mothers lock their children up in the kitchen, as it is too much trouble to take them down the numerous flights of stairs to the yards.

FRIENDLY FLOGGING.

When the late Bishop of Southwell was, as Dr. Ridding, headmaster of Winchester College, it was frequently his painful duty to flog boys.

If he had a good opinion of his victim he would walk to the door of his study with the boy and shake hands at parting to show he bore no malice.

MYRTLE'S PATHETIC INTEREST.

Princess Christian has taken with her to South Africa a cutting from the myrtle-tree at Cumberland Lodge to plant on Prince Christian Victor's grave.

The tree was grown from a piece of the Princess's wedding bouquet, which in turn was cut from the famous tree at Windsor, which has contributed a spray to all the royal wedding bouquets. This tree had its origin in Queen Victoria's wedding bouquet.

CLEANER SHAVES.

Reformed "Figaros Will Have To Charge Higher Prices.

Economical men are likely to reintroduce the fashion of wearing beards in the near future.

For the recent decision of the Sanitary Committee of the City Corporation to introduce hygienic reforms in barbers' shops will probably increase the price of shaving.

Mr. Otto Scherf, master of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, was yesterday considering the committee's list of suggestions.

These propose that barbers should provide fresh towels for every customer; that the use of powder-puffs be discouraged and powder pulverisers sub-

stituted; that no persons suffering from any disease be treated; that all shelves and fittings be of glass; all razors, scissors, and combs after use to be boiled in a disinfectant; and hair-brushes to be disinfected.

"We have already anticipated these precautions to a great extent," he said to a *Mirror* representative. "But some of the recommendations, such, for instance, as the proposal that all shelves and fittings should be of glass, are alike impracticable and unreasonable."

"But suppose the committee's recommendations are enforced?" he was asked.

"If the public want more for their money they must pay for it. Nobody ought to be shaved under threepence."

"But many people are now shaved for less than twopenny."

"Oh, yes," replied the expert. "In my earlier days I shaved thousands of chins for a penny; but

WHY THE BAND STOPPED.

On the occasion of the annual regatta at Newquay, in Cardiganshire, the town band was placed on the boat anchored between the pierhead and the committee steamer.

They started bravely with a Sousa march, which, however, sounded lame towards the finish without any drum part.

Succeeding items on the programme became increasingly dismal, as, first, the cornet, then the trombone, and afterwards the piccolo dropped out of the performance.

A mighty hurrah went forth from the pier to the disconsolate musicians when it was seen they had all succumbed to the terrors of mal-de-mer.

QUANT ELECTION CUSTOMS.

In the terms of Daykin's Charity, dating back to 1550, two wardens have been elected to the Kirkby Hill Hospital, in Yorkshire, with quaint formality.

Six nominators wrote a name on a piece of white paper, which was rolled up in brown paper and placed in a ball of wax.

The balls were thrown into a bowl of water, and two drawn out by the vicar. The other four balls are kept, and should one of the wardens die during his term of office another draw is made from the bowl.

WORKHOUSE BOARDING-HOUSES.

Owing to the exodus of the labourers of Norfolk and Suffolk into the towns, the local workhouses are much too large for existing requirements.

The guardians are now doing a brisk business in taking in boarders from the towns at a small profit. Kedington, Suffolk, workhouse has seventy-eight boarders from Mile End and fifty-seven from Lambeth, while negotiations are completed to accept a further 100 from Birmingham.

SOLVING THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM.

Curious matrimonial arrangements were disclosed at an inquest at Wolverhampton.

The husband and wife had never lived together, the former residing with his mother, while his wife kept house for her brother.

The husband, moreover, did not contribute anything to his wife's support, but equally with her provided for their two children.

ISLE OF WIGHT PROSPERING.

At the annual meeting of the Isle of Wight Central Railway the chairman said the alterations to Osborne House had not resulted in any diminution of traffic.

On the contrary, the naval establishment there was bringing a largely increased number of people to the island.

NOISY LINSTON LUNATICS.

Residents in Chiverton-road and Hazelville-road, Linston, have addressed a complaint to the Local Government Board of the noises made by the lunatics in the infirmary.

The guardians have been communicated with on the subject.

ART IN HOOLIGANLAND.

The public libraries in the Borough and other parts of Southwark have, for the nonce, been converted into art galleries, and some 300 rare and choice samples of Hogarth's, Turner's, and many foreign artists' work are on view in the reading-rooms.

Only about two per cent. of passengers on the main lines of railway travel first-class.

Three hundred and fifty French workmen will make a return visit to London next July.

Trawlers arriving at Granton report an unprecedented number of large whales off the fishing grounds.

With a deficiency of £1,237, the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society makes an appeal for assistance.

The Rev. D. Ambrose Agius, O.S.B., of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, has been appointed by the Holy Father as Archbishop Delegate Apostolic to the Philippine Islands.

FOXHOUNDS FIGHT WITH BADGERS.

During cubbing operations the Quorn pack, at Ashby pastures, found quarry, which unexpectedly tested the mettle of the young hounds.

They ran into two fine badgers, who were only dispatched after a fierce fight by the overwhelming weight of numbers.

WHERE BANKRUPTCY FAILS.

Where the estate is not likely to yield more than £100 creditors are foolish, says "Truth," to resort to bankruptcy.

There must be an irreducible minimum of expenditure, which no Act of Parliament can eliminate, and this would appear to be £50.

TOWN HALL MATCH-BOX.

To strike a match on the walls of Halifax Town-hall costs half-a-crown.

The police are keenly on the alert to catch offenders, and the magistrates invariably inflict the penalty which will in time convince smokers of the convenience and cheapness of match-boxes.

COW'S VARIABLE MILK.

Bootle cowkeepers have pleaded when brought before the magistrates for selling milk deficient in cream that there is a difference between the morning and the afternoon yield from the cow.

In future inspectors are to take samples of both milkings.

MANIA FOR PRAYER-BOOKS.

George Grant has specialised in the larceny of Prayer-books.

When arrested at Leicester a diary was found on him giving a long list of Prayer-books he had stolen from churches. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

FOUGHT FOR HER HUSBAND.

Pointing to a meek-looking, little woman in the dock of the Grimsby Police Court, a burly constable said, "She made my nose bleed and kicked me badly."

The woman, who said she was excited as the policeman was taking her husband, was discharged.

DOG SEIZES A BICYCLE.

While passing the foot of Belmont-hill, Lewisham, a Plumstead cyclist was attacked by a large retriever dog, which seized the back tyre and tore a piece out.

He was thrown off the machine, but was not seriously injured, as the dog was secured by its owner.

LAW COURT ALTERATIONS.

During the vacation jury boxes are to be added to King's Bench Courts 6 and 7, as one court only, the Lord Chief Justice's, is now required for Divisional Court purposes.

Other alterations include the installation of the electric light on the top floor of the east block.

TO FIGHT WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. Joynton Hicks, who has been selected as the Unionist candidate for North-West Manchester to oppose Mr. Winston Churchill at the next general election, is the son of Mr. H. Hicks, who was for twenty-one years a representative of the Ward of Farringdon Without in the Court of Common Council.

He was articulated to the firm of Monckton, Long, and Gardiner, and was admitted a solicitor in 1888. He is solicitor to the London Omnibus Company, and was a member of the Highbury Debating Society—one of the first of the suburban parliaments.

INVASION IMMINENT.

Army to Attack Essex Embarks on Monday.

Preparations for the serious war game of the new Army manoeuvres—the invasion of England by way of Essex, and the defence of these shores—are proceeding apace.

The "Blue" invading force, under General Sir John French, is expected to make its attack in the neighbourhood of Clacton, and all the old salts along the shore are giving expert opinions to all and sundry.

A detachment of the Army Service Corps have been busily engaged at Clacton in establishing a depot for the adjacent military camps, and hundreds of holiday-makers are watching the operations with keen interest.

In the meantime the Admiralty are jealously guarding the secret as to the movements of the transports after they leave Southampton.

These ten ships, which have been fitting out in the London and Liverpool docks, were ready for sea yesterday, and they will sail to-day for Southampton, where the troops will embark on Monday afternoon.

Meanwhile, a detachment of Royal Engineers, belonging to the army of defence, have arrived at Maldon, where they are busily throwing up trenches and erecting field telegraph stations.

EXILED IN ENGLAND.

Americans Attempting To Escape Home by Cargo Boat.

Hundreds of Americans are chafing considerably at an enforced exile in England.

For sixteen days they cannot leave this country. And why? Till September 16 there are no berths to be had on the recognised liners.

Business men are frantically flying to the telephone and telegraph to prevent catastrophes, and the sorrow of the ladies, who are losing the chance of attending cherished social functions, is regarded as "real serious."

The hotel-keepers rather like the situation, but their visitors by compulsion hold a completely contrary view.

A prominent New York business man staying at one of the big hotels made bitter complaints yesterday to a *Mirror* representative. "It means thousands to me to get to New York right away, and I cannot get a berth anywhere. I'm seriously thinking of going steerage, but I am afraid the 30s. rate will crowd me out. I wish airships were in fashion; I'd charter one right away."

Many Americans are trying to arrange with cargo boats, but the only possibility of travelling on a boat without a passenger certificate is by signing on as a member of the crew at a nominal wage of 1s. per month.

JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Bevy of Blushing Damsels at a Great Beauty Show.

A great Beauty Show started last night at the Royal Cambridge Music Hall, Whitechapel. It is to last two days, and a bevy of blushing damsels will appear before the audience each night at both performances.

Shortly after eight o'clock last night the first instalment of local good looks marched giggling and nudging on to the stage. A roar of welcome welled up from their friends in front.

Presently on came the judges, nervous and full of apprehensions. They threw embarrassed glances at the galaxy before them. For a moment their hearts beat tremulously, then leapt up into their mouths.

It was obvious that all the ladies could not get prizes, and the judges had heard more than once of the feelings attributed by legend to a woman scorned, and the serious difficulties which had attended the Judgment of Paris.

But derisive cheers nerved them to their task. They did their deed of derring-do.

Then, amid mingled sounds of applause and disapproval, they beat a retreat till duty should call them up again before the second house.

Then they did it all again.

PRIZES FOR PHOTOS.

Announcement of Winners of the

£10 : 10 : 0 PRIZES

will be made in a few days. . . .

WATCH FOR IT.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
 5, CARMELITE STREET,
 LONDON, E.C.
 TELEPHONES: 310 and 319 Holborn.
 The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
 45 AND 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
 TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerard.
 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
 PARIS OFFICE: 35, Rue Tailbout.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904.

THIS ENORMOUS WAR.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the conclusion of the four days' desperate struggle between the French and Germans, in 1870, known as the Sedan, when there were 400,000 men engaged, and one-tenth of the whole French army were killed or wounded and 620 guns captured.

The Sedan has become a byword of war disaster, but inconceivably greater and more horrible events are in progress in Manchuria. In and around Liao-yang and Port Arthur there are 640,000 fighting men. In their midst are at least 1,500 cannon of all calibres, from small field to great fortification guns, firing, it is said, 20,000 projectiles a day.

Since July 17, the "Novi Krai" asserts, the Japanese wounded in the assault on Port Arthur have numbered 25,000, and their killed 30,000.

These numbers are easy to write down and to read, but the conception of their concrete significance, of what they mean in terms of actual men in a given area, eludes the mind.

Conceive the largest crowd you have seen—at the best it is but the 55,000 at a football cup tie. That is merely the number of Japanese said to have been put out of action at Port Arthur—25,000 wounded and 30,000 killed.

In the first few days of the operations round Liao-yang between two and three thousand men fell on either side.

If General Kurapatkin has been unable to retire on Mukden, and 500,000 men are engaged in the deadliest struggle ever known, the death toll cannot but stagger the world, and convert into perfect horror the shudder that even now runs through humanity at the thought of what is happening.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

But a few days ago all Russia, rent with war, prayed for an heir to the throne, and the prayer was granted.

Now Italy, in peace, is praying also that a Prince may be born to her Queen.

So, in peace or war, in the utmost stress and trouble, made by man's misery or anger, in the highest happiness produced by his means, the mystery of creation will always strike a note of union and genuine sympathy.

Every woman in Russia and every man felt, and all in Italy feel, that however lowly they may be, there is one thing at least in common between them and their rulers—the child in the home.

Did not the Queen of Italy at the birth of her daughters apologise to her husband prettily for not presenting him with a boy, they say?

And again, is not the head nurse a Protestant and an Englishwoman lest nursery secrets should leak out in the Confessional.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

London in Half-Tones.

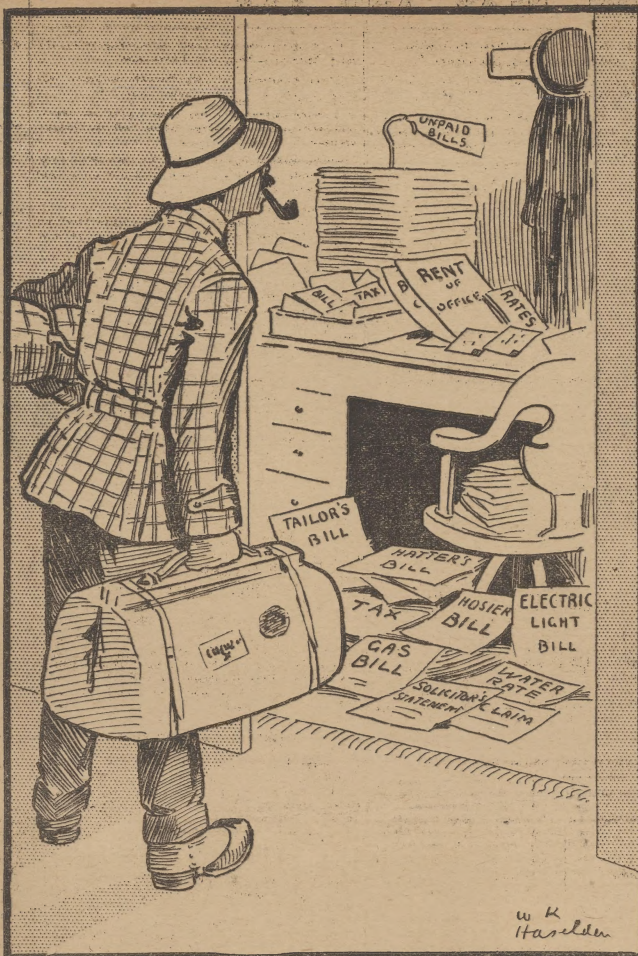
A rain-mist hung over the river, through which the green-fringed Embankment and the Houses of Westminster loomed none the less proudly for their shadowy outline. The rich brown sails of the barges and the ochre-yellow of the waterway were toned almost to greyness in the heavy drizzle that blurred even the dome of St. Paul's.

Further east it wreathed itself round the great Tower till it grew impressive and majestic, and, passing on, sought to soften the gaunt bareness of the East London wharves and the utilitarian ugliness of its waterside warehouses into a harmony of colour, since beauty of line was impossible.

Inland, it was a stretch of drizzle and drip with the dreary depression of damp, warm airlessness. Everywhere were opened roads or those newly relaid, their loose gravel and the rattle turning up into a heavy black mud under the struggling traffic.

In its streets, London is the acme of cheerlessness on a stifling day of drizzle.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS



Was it worth going away? The returning holiday-maker finds an accumulation of work, which almost makes him wish he had stayed at home.

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

THE TYRANNY OF TIPS.

You have been instructing your readers how, and when, and whom to tip. I, who have recently returned from a Continental tour, the hapless victim of legal brigandage, would like to advocate an "anti-tipping crusade."

Why do we tip at all? Simply because we are such moral cowards. What other fools do, we must do also.

Oh, what a hero would be the man who could travel round the world and never bestow a single gratuity on man, woman, or child.

The quality of tipping is twice cursed—

It cures him that gives and him that takes.

STEWART GOWE.

THE DEATH OF VENUS.

"All that medical science could do was done," we are told of the illness of the lamented gorilla, Venus. Was it?

As one who has had much experience of direct influence of colour on plant and animal life, I suggest that had a little arrangement been made, at a comparatively trifling cost, whereby Venus had been able to keep her head in the Blue Ray and the rest of her body in the Yellow Ray she would have recovered.

Had poor Venus been bathed in the Rays of Light, night and day, it would have done more to secure her recovery than evidently the whole of so-called "medical science" has been able to accomplish.

A COLOUR CRANK.

RUSSIAN "VICTORIES."

The many "strategical retreats" of the Russians reminds me of a description of a fight between two Yorkshire men. One of them, describing the "battle" said: "By an adroit movement I placed my right eye on his left fist, and so settled our difference."

Mirror readers are welcome to the simile.
 29, Wellington-street, W.C. E. SADDLER.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

MR. W. W. JACOBS.

MR. JACOBS is such a great humorist that he has to be taken seriously. He has contributed so much to the gaiety of nations by his play "Beauty and the Barge" that he is certainly the man of the moment.

As he has begun so early, for he is only half-way between thirty and forty, there is no saying how far he may go, but he will not flood us with plays, for he is a slow worker.

He is not the sort of person you would expect him to be from his play or his books. He is not a rough-and-ready sort, with a growth of whiskers under his chin, and loose trousers which need an inordinate amount of attention.

On the contrary, he is a dapper little man who would look absurdly out of place on board a vessel of any kind. He has been on coasting steamers for all that, though only as a visitor.

The path by which he has climbed to the giddy height of a playwright is getting well-worn now, for it leads from the Post Office. It seems to be the shortest cut to the stage. Perhaps the success he has made will help him to get rid of his time, and I present he looks rather like a frightened rabbit.

If, when he has done that, he would learn to be funny in ordinary life he might be a social lion instead of a rabbit.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

September.

She weareth not the regal robe of June,
 Nor bringeth passion-haunted nights and days,
 But wand'ring face in wistful visions seen;
 She singeth to the woods her ancient rane,
 And lists their low replies. With hands outspread
 She scattereth gentle gifts of winter-flow'ers,
 Or maketh radiant shrines at some dim bowers
 Where spring aforerime fairy garlands shed.
 Sprawl eternal reigneth in her eyes
 As for love countries left forevermore,
 Or some dear face in wistful visions seen;
 Yet though there followeth in stealthy wise
 Time's restless shadow on the sunlit floor,
 She paveneth onward, stately, sweet, serene.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

I must be very sad to be a Queen at twenty-four, and although she has been Queen of Holland since 1890, Queen Wilhelmina only reached that august age yesterday. Sovereignty is not exactly the amusement to which a little girl would naturally look, and the poor little Queen found it very dull work in the days when she still played with dolls. What she thought of her position was shown by the awful punishment which she inflicted on any doll whose behaviour was not all it should be. "You will have to be a Queen," she would say, "and spend hour after hour sitting bowing to people you don't know, and don't want to."

When dolls had been put away, the next love of the little Queen was bicycling. During a visit to the Court of Vienna she learnt to cycle, and on her return home started whirling up and down the walks of the royal gardens. The Queen-Regent was amazed with such work with great perseverance. The very next time he met the Queen she asked him how his knowledge of the language was getting on. "I am working very hard at it," he said. "This is the result." And from an inner pocket he produced a much-thumbed exercise-book and opened it for Queen Wilhelmina's inspection. The page was covered with the words "I love" repeated indefinitely. It may have been this informal declaration which won him his bride.

HER ENGAGEMENTS A BORE.

The Miss Daisy Leiter, of Chicago, who has just denied her engagement to the Duke of Suffolk is, of course, the sister of Lady Curzon, and her brother, Mr. Joseph Leiter, who says that the constant reports of his sister's engagement to every marriageable peer are becoming rather a bore, is the Mr. Joseph Leiter of whom everyone knows. Miss Leiter is the typical American girl, good-looking, graceful, and afraid of nothing on earth—not even Lord Curzon. As the daughters of a multi-millionaire, she and her sister are exceedingly wealthy.

The rise and fall of Mr. Joseph Leiter were among the greatest sensations of American commercial life. On leaving Harvard University, young Leiter was set up in business by his father with £200,000, but he soon lost the greater part of that. He then started on his wheat campaign with a further £250,000 from the same source. For thirteen months he schemed and plotted to corner the market, and his wealth rose by leaps and bounds to about £2,000,000. An older and wiser man would have been content, but young Leiter—for he was then under thirty—held on too long, and the crash came. In thirteen days he was a bankrupt, and the corner, which had taken thirteen months to build, had collapsed.

A WARRIOR FAMILY.

The Duke of Wellington seems to have had a nasty accident while out riding with his two sons the other day. A motor-car dashed into the group, but luckily none of the horses were hurt. The Duke is no longer a young man, and a bad fall might have had serious consequences. In appearance he bears a marked resemblance to his great ancestor, the Iron Duke, and he also took up a military career. When he succeeded to the dukedom, four years ago, he was a lieutenant-colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The list of his titles is legion, for he is an English duke, an Irish earl, a prince in the Netherlands, a duke in Spain, and a duke, a count, and a marquis in Portugal.

Apsley House, the family residence at Hyde Park Corner, is generally supposed to have been presented to the Iron Duke by a grateful nation. As a matter of fact, the national gift took the form of seven thousand acres, composing the Strathfayde estate, and Apsley House was purchased by the Duke from his brother in 1820. In addition to the purchase price he paid £9,530 for the Crown interest in the property.

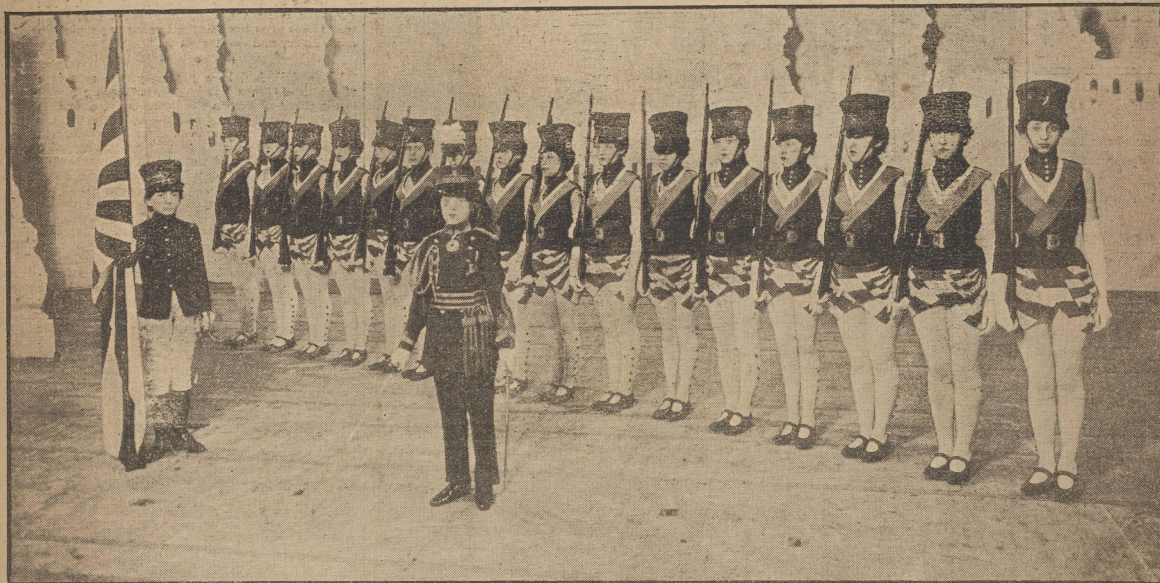
Once the site where Apsley House now stands was occupied by an apple stall owned by an old ex-soldier. As George III. was passing one day he recognised the man and spoke to him. "What can I do for you?" said the King. "Please, your Majesty, give me a bit of ground my man stands on," answered the man, "and I shall be happy." He secured his request, and some years after, when the Crown desired to take back the land, it was necessary to buy out a descendant of the old apple seller, the ground being valued at £450 a year.

The ways of official publications are really surprising. One of these quaint documents just published assures us that there were no cases of piracy or slave-trading in Ireland last year. The intelligent foreigner who studies us by our official papers will now learn that we are becoming quite civilised.

SCENES FROM

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET



The Japanese march and drill in the Temple of Peace.—(Photograph by Hall's Studio.)

"COME OUTSIDE AND PUT US OUT."



The Japanese have called upon Russia to evacuate Manchuria. The Russians refuse to leave, but by a series of masterly retreats are gradually going. The lined parts of this map indicate what little portions of Southern Manchuria now remain in the hands of the Russians.



The railway on Wartenstein Mountain, Switzerland, will be closed to tourists on September 17, when the above couple, Miss Maria Bielin and Mr. Fritz Schwenter, will be married. The railway is the property of the bride's relatives, and only the wedding party can use it on that day.—(See page 4.)



Two of the principal characters in the new Alhambra ballet, "L'Entente Cordiale."—(Photograph by Hall's Studio.)

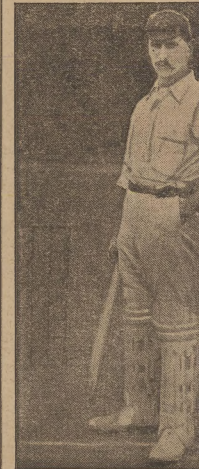
GREAT CRICKET
THE SEAS



Tom Hayward, Surrey's
of the season, who comp
runs this we

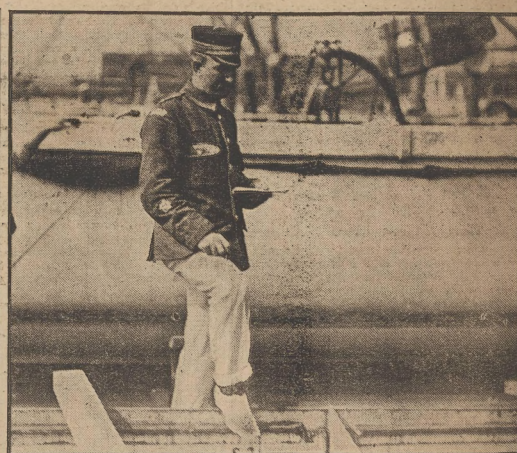


J. T. Hearne, Middlesex
who has captured more
any other man th



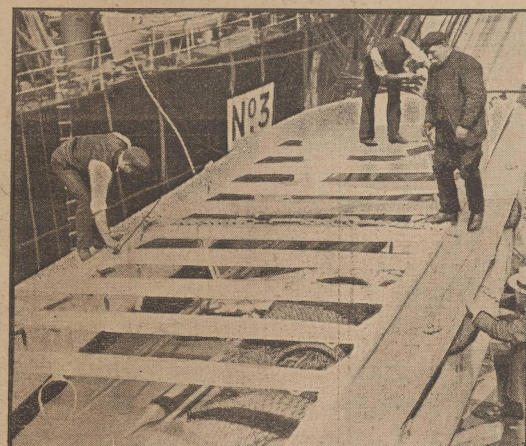
Johnny Tyldesley, the
Lancashire batsman an
outfield—Hayward's n

TRANSPORTS GETTING READY FOR THE INVASION OF ESSEX



The hired transports at Victoria Docks preparing for the forthcoming manœuvres. They will convey the troops to the coast of Essex, where the invading army will land.

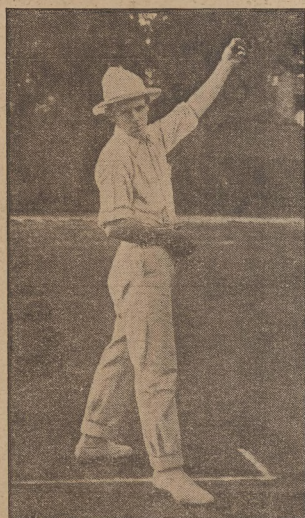
A Royal Army Service Corps man checking supplies as they are being taken aboard one of the transports.



Showing one of the pontoons that will be used in the landing of the troops.



Preparing transport No. 4. Note the wooden structures which have been erected on deck as additional accommodation for the troops.



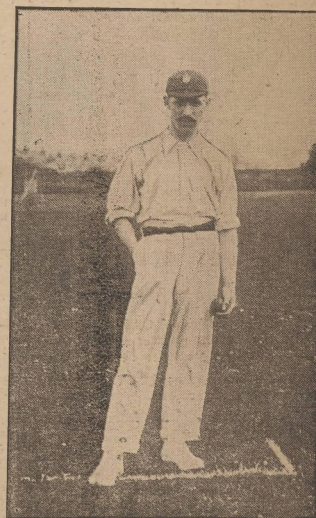
Hallows, Lancashire's great all-round player, who has had such a big hand in the Northerners winning the championship.



C. B. Fry, the Sussex captain, who is second in the aggregate to Hayward, and who has scored ten centuries against the Surrey men's eleven.



Iremonger, the great Notts batsman and International "Soccer" football player, who has been one of the mainstays of Notts cricket this season.



Dennett, the young Gloucestershire bowler, who has had such a brilliant season, and whom Jessop considers the coming slow bowler.

TAILOR-MADE SUITS FOR SEPTEMBER WEATHER.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS:

DO THEY GENERALLY END IN LOVE?

The wise world constantly asks the question: "Is friendship—pure friendship—without the alloy of love, possible between a man and woman?" When it has an idle hour, and nothing better to do with it, out comes that battered old question, in company with two or three more as hoary, to be discussed and argued over as if it had never been heard of before.

When a certain magazine devoted to the interests of women threw its pages open to an argument on the subject, various women writers, who are supposed to know something of their sex, gravely gave their opinion that friendship between men and women was impossible.

Point of View Altered now.

For all women—or men, either, for that matter—who hold such a view I have a sincere compassion. Their incapacity to understand any relation between the sexes but that of love-making only proves their education to have been a narrow one, and their experience of life small.

Whatever may have been the case in the days when women were mere shallow-minded dolls, half-educated, weak, and uncompanionable, save through their capacity for affection, that has been altogether altered by the changed conditions of today.

Now girls are as well educated as men—often, indeed, better than the men with whom they have most to do. They think for themselves, and form their own opinions—their own, not the pale reflection of someone else's. They read, they travel, they work for their living; they join with men in their work and in their play.

The old idea that marriage was the end and aim of every woman's being has been killed by the scarcity of available husbands. No longer does a girl—at all events, in the educated classes—look upon every unmarried man she meets merely as a possible lover. She finds his society pleasant and helpful, and he finds hers the same.

Neither of them may have the least wish to marry. No touch of tenderness mingles with the

comradeship which their common interests cause them to feel. "Platonic" friendship nowadays is not only possible, but is as common as flowers in a garden.

Pleasant as is the friendship of man and man, and woman and woman, there is something in the friendship between woman and man that is pleasanter still. Each can help the other so much by the mere diversity of their nature and disposition. Friendship with a man gives a woman the strengthening she wants, the feeling of a strong arm to lean on, the broader and sounder view of life. It helps her to be more honest and calm in her judgment, to lay aside pettiness and too much fuss over details.

Then her sweetness and gentleness are excellent for him, they soften and smooth him down. The very sense that he is man, and she is woman, lends a charm to the friendship, and helps to keep it fresh and strong.

But is there no risk in platonic friendship? Undoubtedly. When a man and woman are young and unfettered, there is always the risk that their friendship shall slip over its precipice edge and become love. But could anything be more ideal? It is when one friend only has lost footing that the danger comes in. When the craving for love comes

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

HOUSEHOLD GODS OF A NOVEL CHARACTER.

A crystal craze now holds sway. The truth of this assertion is demonstrated by the demand for crystal lamps, candle holders, and decorative accessories of the same kind. Crystal esoteric sets, which are truly works of art, and, like most artistic productions, are costly, are among the freshest novelties in glass. The set consists of a paper cutter, gum bottle, stamp box, ink pot, pen rest, and letter rack. One exceptionally fine group of esoteric fittings seen recently was made of crystal framed with a narrow rim of gold.

Vases and jardinières in a dull, rich shade of green pottery are popular just now, and are in expensive. There is a variety of shapes in this ware, some of the jardinières sporting four tiny handles.

As a hint to the seeker after curtains that look well and do not cost much, a woman who has made

firmitly in order to make an airtight joint between it and the rim of the glass, which should be wet to make the joint tighter. Now suddenly straighten the fingers and lift the hand. This motion of the fingers causes the flesh of the palm to move, in such a way as to cause a partial vacuum, a suction which can be felt distinctly.

The space between the water and the hand is made a little larger, and therefore the air in that space is rarefied, or made thinner, and exerts less pressure. So the greater air pressure outside, acting on the bottom and sides of the glass, forces it upwards against the hand, strongly enough to lift both glass and water when the hand is raised.

This trick requires some practice before it can be done with certainty, and had better not be attempted with a very thin or valuable glass, or in a place where spilled water will do harm. Above all, do not use a very thin glass, for even if it does not drop it may break by mere pressure and cut the hand. Besides, thin glasses are apt to have little nicks on the edge, which will both cut the hand and spoil the trick by letting in air.

CREPE NAPERY.

PRETTY PAPER TABLE-CLOTHS.

For the picnic or the al fresco meal on home territory the crepe paper sets that have been brought out this year are admirable. They are such an improvement on anything that has heretofore been produced in the same way that they tempt purchasers by their very prettiness. The tablecloths are large enough for a good-sized tea or luncheon table, and have the loveliest of borders in floral patterns, and while many varieties of blossoms are utilised for decorations of this sort, the violet and rose are recognised favourites, or an effective contrast is a palm-leaf pattern, the green and white combination being delightfully cool and charming. To match these cloths are d'oyelles and dinner napkins, some with lace-like borders which look so like the real thing that it needs a near view to detect that they are imitations.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Won by Use of a Celebrated Brain Food.

When a man begins to study the food he eats and learns its effect for good or ill upon his health, happiness and daily work, a new world opens up to him. That is, provided he profits by his lessons.

The inventor of Grape-Nuts was led by a nervous breakdown to do this, and after long experiment he produced this food, which built him back to health and strength. Since then he has been able to carry through to success large business undertakings which he could not possibly have accomplished without this scientific food. He knew that thousands of others were also suffering from improper or poorly cooked food, and determined to introduce Grape-Nuts to the world.

A grateful man living in N.E. London, tells what Grape-Nuts food has done for him. He says:— "I am a man used to hard work with my brain and hard physical labour.

"When partaking of ordinary food, such as meat, fish, vegetables, etc., I invariably suffered from indigestion, causing me to feel a heavy drowsy sensation, weariness, headaches, and also I had hemorrhages, and insomnia."

"Six months or more ago I heard of Grape-Nuts food and determined to give it a trial. I had it for breakfast and supper at first, and it gave me a surprise to find how it sustained me for the first part of the day's labour, and gave me a healthy, natural sleep at night. I have since used it at all times, and for all meals for a period of about four months, and I am certainly vastly improved in health, strength, and general tone. My mind is bright, clear, and active, my strength is improved, as I can labour without the feeling of weariness; my weight has increased 10lbs., and I feel stronger in every way, having also ceased to suffer from hemorrhage. I am able to do my ordinary work with vigour, to engage in literary work in my spare time for some of the leading weeklies and magazines, and have won many prize competitions in the magazines, weeklies, etc. I unhesitatingly recommend your food to all in search of health, strength, and vigour."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM. Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hue, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. Cools and cleanses. Bottles or tubes 1s. Send 2s. stamps for two samples (different scents)—Icilmia Co., Ltd. (Dept. D), 142, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

Force

and cold milk. Let the little daughter get the breakfast ready.



Illustrated in the picture above are two seasonable suits. On the left is shown a blue homespun gown, which might well be called a study in plaits. The cape is its novel point, and is a comfortable wrap to wear over a muslin shirt on a cool day. The other dress is one of white cloth with a black satin waistcoat, cuff trimmings and buttons.

to one only of the pair, the friendship that was so pleasant may turn to a sharp pain.

That is its risk. What of it? There are risks in marriage, in love, in every relation of life. Shall people avoid making friendships just because there may exist a risk of pain in them?

Perhaps, to a woman who has a dear friend among men, the time that she reads most is his marriage to another woman.

All through his love affairs she is ready to listen, and comfort, and encourage; it is when they come to a fortunate issue that she knows the end is at hand. After her friend marries she must give up her place. It would be unfair to his wife to let another woman receive his confidences, or give him sympathetic help.

If she is a wise woman she tries to make the wife her friend, and keeps them both, though on a different footing. If it is she who marries, the result is the same—her old friend merges merely into an intimate acquaintance after her wedding day. But men are more full of philosophy, and more easily consoled than women, so the man goes his way without a pang.

a study of decorative materials mentions unbleached cotton, lined with Turkey red, and bordered with an Oriental cotton fabric, in which red is the predominating tone. The effect of sunlight streaming through the two is said to be very bright and cheerful. Such curtains are called lattice ones.

HOW TO LIFT WATER.

A TRICK FOR BOYS TO TRY.

You can surprise people very much by laying your hand with apparent carelessness on a tumbler or wineglass nearly full of water, and then lifting glass, water and all, by raising the hand with the fingers outstretched in order to prove that you do not take hold of the glass in any way.

The secret of success is this: though your fingers are straight when you lift the glass, they must be bent downward sharply when you place your palm upon it. You must press the hand down rather

ANGELA

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MOTOR or YACHTING CAP in Yedda Straw or Chenille; with rosettes and detachable veil of ribbon. Long ends to tie round neck.

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LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXI. (continued).

"You had better go," cried Juliet, stung in turn to fury at Stanton's insinuation. "You insult both me and Mr. Gramphorn." He stood irresolute, and his face grew pale and stern.

"You had better go," she repeated. "I love you. I have waited for you month after month, and now—"

"What is this man to you?" he cried bitterly. "You had better go," she replied. "Return to me when you are calm and reasonable."

Stanton looked about him as though dazed. Then he took up his hat and stick and moved towards the door. Juliet watched him, and her eyes filled with tears. She stepped forward to call him back, but the words died on her lips. Her womanly pride silenced the promptings of her heart. Stanton never looked back, and the door closed behind him. Yet, as he blundered down the stairs, he, too, felt that he would have given much to be able to conquer his anger and ask for forgiveness. But fate had ordained it otherwise, and the sudden burn of fury that had seized him and carried his mind beyond all control drew him from the house in sullen silence.

"The poet tells us that to be wrath with those we love doth work like madness on the brain, and Stanton left the little house in Edwardes-square with a mind bordering on insanity. The news had come as a great shock to him. He had arrived at the house with all the ardour of a lover who has been long separated from the woman he loves. It was the very heat of his passion for Juliet that stung him to sharp words. A soft answer would have turned away his wrath and brought him to his knees. But Juliet, herself a woman of spirit, had shared up at the insult, and had told him to leave the house.

Before Stanton had walked a quarter of a mile from the house he began to be a little ashamed of himself, and endeavoured to view the matter in a more reasonable light. He could not, however, get over the fact that Gramphorn was not in the habit of doing favours for nothing, and he resolved to make some inquiries. By the time he had reached a small hotel in Jernyn-street, where he intended to stop for a week or two, he had no doubt that his suspicions were unfounded, but for all that he intended to sift the whole affair to the bottom, and set his mind at rest. Unfortunately, Gramphorn had not yet returned to England, and all information would have to be acquired from other sources.

The result of Stanton's inquiries was disastrous. In the first place, he met a man, who, knowing nothing of his connection with Juliet Aumerle, told him the whole story of Dirk and Escott and the Pantheon Theatre. The man said that all London knew what relations existed between Gramphorn and Miss Aumerle. Stanton knocked the fellow down and made him apologise, but for all that the news had cut him to the heart.

In the second place, Stanton learned from an authentic source that Gramphorn's engagement to Lady Dorothy Stanway had been broken off on account of the financier's connection with Juliet Aumerle. This was a serious fact that could hardly be explained away by words. Stanton knew that Lord Lothbury's heart was set on the match, and that the engagement would hardly be broken off except for the gravest reasons.

And, finally, Stanton had the misfortune to meet Mrs. Waldeufel. His previous experience with this lady had hardly inspired him with confidence; but, smothering under the sting of the information he had already received about Juliet, he responded to the friendly advances of the beautiful German, and accepted an invitation to tea at Hapsburg House.

Mrs. Waldeufel, armed with a face so lovely that it had scarcely a rival in London, and equipped with a mind trained in the keenest and most subtle profession in the world, found little difficulty in completing the work that other people had begun. And when Stanton left the house he was well assured that Juliet and Gramphorn were in love with each other. Mrs. Waldeufel had suggested nothing worse. She was too much of an artist. She knew that Stanton would believe nothing evil about the honour of the woman he loved. But she rubbed the whole story into him with the dexterity worthy of a nobler cause. She frankly admitted that herself had planned the affair from start to finish. Her candour was convincing and conclusive. Stanton rose to his feet, and, burning with indignation and fury, cursed her bitterly for her share in the business, and left the house. And when he had gone Mrs. Waldeufel smiled. It pays to be candid sometimes.

Stanton went back to his hotel and wrote a short letter to Juliet, stating that he had ascertained all that had happened during his absence in Mashangweland, and that it was quite apparent that her relations with Gramphorn were such as would excite the suspicions of any reasonable man. He added that it would be impossible for him to marry the woman who was being financed in a theatre by another man. He implored her to give up the theatre, and either leave the stage for good or seek another engagement elsewhere.

He received the following answer by return of post:

Dear George—Love is impossible where there is no trust or confidence. I fear we have both made a mistake. I release you from your engagement, and return your ring. —Your sorrowful and humiliated Juliet.

Stanton took the half-loop of emeralds and diamonds from his little box, and held it in his trembling fingers. The letter fluttered to the floor. The thoughts whirled thick and fast through his brain, and he sat motionless in his chair and looked at the ring as though fascinated by its beauty. He remembered well how he had saved and escaped to buy that ring. He could recollect the ecstasy of love and delight on Juliet's face as he had placed it on her finger. And it had all come to this. It was scarcely possible to realise the truth. He had in his own opinion acted rightly. He had restrained his anger, and implored Juliet to give up the Pantheon Theatre. For answer she had sent him back his ring, and broken off their engagement. It was clear to him that she had taken the earliest opportunity of getting rid of him, and that she wanted to marry Gramphorn. It was scarcely credible, but it was clear. These long months of silence had been too much for her fidelity. The other man—strong, masterful, and rich—had stepped in and conquered. Juliet's affectionate greeting a few days ago had been a mere farce, a piece of play-acting. In the bitterness of his heart he remembered that she was a consummate actress.

For half an hour he sat with the ring in his fingers, and his brow grew dark with the tumult of his thoughts. Then he suddenly rose to his feet with an oath, and flinging the sparkling circlet into the grate, placed his foot upon it and ground it into a shapeless lump of gold and broken gems. His face was livid with fury, and for the moment he was more like a wild beast than a man.

"I will bring him to his knees," he cried. "I am strong enough for that, thank God! I will break him, better him, stamp on him till he is as worthless as that ring."

And that very night Juliet Aumerle lay awake in her bed, and stared out hour after hour into the darkness. But it was not till the grey dawn crept into the room that she broke into a torrent of tears and sobbed herself to sleep. So little do men understand the tender pride of woman, and so little allowance do women make for the passionate jealousy of men.

 CHAPTER
 XXII. The Lion of England.

That same night the whole story of the rising in Mashangweland came to England, and the next morning the news blazed out on every poster and placard throughout the country. The Germans had control of the cable at Corbae, and had held back all information relating to this particular event. But now it had filtered through to English territory, and had suddenly burst forth on the astonished world, and had disclosed a state of things so serious that City men left their breakfast untasted and dashed forth to catch the earliest train that would take them to their offices. For war was in the air—war between two of the most powerful nations of Europe; and it behaved every citizen to make preparation for the safety of his own business.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MASHANGWELAND!
 ENGLAND OR GERMANY PARAMOUNT?
 ARREST OF JOHN GRAMPHORN!
 How Britons Died!
 THE MAILED FIST!

These and a thousand similar headlines confronted the nervous and excited people wherever they cast their eyes. Men bought papers eagerly

and devoured column after column of information. They read how Captain-Benthall and his little band had fought on the plains of Mashangweland. How Gramphorn had been arrested by the Germans. How British and German warships had anchored off Corbae with decks cleared for action. They read the comments of the leader writers on the situation—long eulogies of Gramphorn in the Imperialist Press; appeals to the nation to force the Government into a firm attitude.

"If there must be war," cried one paper, "let there be war. We desire peace. But peace can be bought too dearly: Our self-esteem, our pride, our honour are at stake. John Gramphorn has spoken and acted as an Englishman. Let all true Englishmen rally round him!"

A few dissentient voices appeared in the Radical Press. The better-laps papers confined themselves to a quiet condemnation of Gramphorn's conduct and made sarcastic remarks about the weakness of the Government. The less reputable productions shrieked for the financier's blood, and compared him, not always accurately, to certain characters in history who had brought ruin on the country that gave them birth.

Parliament was not sitting at this time, and the nation had no means of gauging the Government's opinions on the question of Mashangweland, but it was known that a Cabinet meeting had been hastily summoned, and that a grave crisis was at hand. Nothing of what transpired at the Council leaked out, but men shook their heads when they remembered that Lord Lothbury had broken off Gramphorn's engagement with his daughter.

"There's something behind the scenes," they said to each other. "This will be a bad business for Gramphorn and for England."

For a few days the whole nation was in a state of suspense. Men talked of nothing else but Mashangweland. Wild rumours were in the air, for lack of definite information does not damp the ardour of a true journalist. The German Army Corps were mobilising! The German Navy was concentrating in the North Sea! The English Ambassador had been recalled from Berlin! The Mediterranean Squadron was steaming up the Bay of Biscay! and so on, and so on. The nervous tension was evident in the face of the "man in the street." No one knew exactly what was going to happen, but the general attitude was distinctly defiant. The idea of climbing down was distasteful to an Englishman.

Then, in the midst of all the anxiety and excitement, came the definite news that Gramphorn had arrived in England, and that he was to be tried in the High Court before the Lord Chief Justice for "provoking acts of war between a peaceful State and His Majesty's subjects resident in the same." The voice of the nation was almost unanimous in its condemnation of the Government's action. Nine people out of every ten cried out for Gramphorn's immediate release. Nine people out of every ten shook their heads and prophesied that the country was going to the dogs, and that the Ministry was playing into the hands of Germany. Meetings were held in Hyde Park, and young orators delivered themselves of much eloquence with flashing eyes and scornful gestures. The theatres and music-halls echoed the same sentiments. Poets wrote and singers sang of the flag of England. The uproar was deafening and continuous.

Yet in the face of all this clamour the Government brought Gramphorn to trial. Parliament had opened, and they had escaped a vote of censure by a narrow margin of ten votes. But they stuck to the quietude and Gramphorn saw the hand of Lord Lothbury in this obstinate opposition to the plainly-expressed wishes of the country. The trial lasted for fourteen days, and all the most eminent counsel in England were employed in it. The appearance of Gramphorn, as he went to and from the court each day, was a signal for scenes of the wildest enthusiasm. Thousands of people gathered in the streets and yelled themselves hoarse. Hawkers did a roaring trade in little Union Jacks. Members of the Stock Exchange destroyed their hats and climbed lamp-posts. Gramphorn was the hero of the hour—the man who had feared nothing for the sake of England.

The verdict found him guilty of the charge, but the sentence was a practical acquittal. He was fined one hundred thousand pounds, and condemned to pay the costs of the trial. Lord Harroden, in delivering judgment, stated that, "in view of the high motives which had actuated Mr. Gramphorn's lawless and intemperate conduct, the Court could do no more than impose such a fine as would indemnify those who had suffered by his action."

That was the day of Gramphorn's greatest triumph. His most ardent admirers had looked for a short term of imprisonment, something that would imply a certain amount of disgrace. The fine was nothing. Gramphorn could well spare it from his millions. In the eyes of all patriots Gramphorn had been acquitted. He left the court amid a scene which defies all description. There was a deafening roar of cheering as he appeared. Hats, sticks, and umbrellas were hurled in the air. Thousands of voices hailed him by his name. He fought his way to his carriage through a hundred outstretched hands. Fifty members of the Stock Exchange had unharnessed his horses, and stood with ropes ready to drag his carriage to Park-lane. Barchedeau, he looked round on the people and smiled. At last he had England at his feet.

But there were two men in the crowd who neither cheered nor waved their hats. One was George Stanton, and as he watched the scene of wild enthusiasm he laughed and looked down at his half-open hand. He already saw Gramphorn in the grasp of his thin brown fingers. The other was a aged and tottering old man, who shook his fist and cursed as he was jostled by the crowd. It was old George Stirling, the childless father of the man who had died in the trenches of Mashangweland.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

HEALTHY MARGATE.

Medical Analysts Point Out Its Many Advantages.

The residents and visitors at Margate are greatly excited over the suspicion which has been cast by certain papers upon the purity of the food and water of the Kentish seaport in connection with the "Latter Arsenic mystery."

Dr. Newman, the well-known London analyst, and Dr. Thornton, the health officer of Margate, have clearly demonstrated beyond all doubt that the water is exceptional in its purity, and the present death-rate of the town—11.3 per 1,000—is the lowest on record.

In July, 1903, the corporation bought a large tract of chalky land at Wingham, which is situated between Dover and Canterbury. From there the water is conveyed through fourteen miles of pipes to Margate. This work was completed at a cost of £120,000.

In speaking on the subject to a *Mirror* representative yesterday Dr. Thornton said: "It is untrue that samples of local food and water are to be analysed in connection with the charge of illegal manslaughter against Thomas Latter and his wife."

Numerous readers of the *Daily Mirror* have written letters on the subject, and it is hoped, in justice to Margate and its residents, that they will feel satisfied by the statements made by the medical men.

HORRORS OF BAKEHOUSES.

Dangers of Infection from Filth and Diseased Bakers.

The crying need for legislation which shall enable the authorities to control bakehouses is insisted upon in two medical reports just issued.

The medical officer of health for Kensington tells of a baker who had been with a man who had the diphtheria. He baked bread for three days and then the disease overcame him.

The same doctor says he has known of bakers suffering from various loathsome and contagious diseases keeping on with their work.

At the same time Sanitary-Inspector Johnson, in his report to the Poplar Borough Council, says:—"I discovered a baker asleep in a bed on top of the kneading-trough, and on searching under the troughs I found old boots, green with mould and smelling badly, and quantities of other rubbish."

NO CHEAPER BICYCLES.

The statement that there is to be a further big reduction in the price of bicycles next year is denied by the principal makers.

There is a general agreement that a bicycle with first-class accessories cannot be sold at eight guineas.

The Premier Company, who do not list a machine at less than ten guineas, state they will make no further reduction at present.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

Ordinary soap—rubbing, scrubbing, sweating—smell of soapsuds, confusion, steamed windows, ruffled temper. Fels-Naptha—easy as cleaning tea-things—stains disappear—dirt lets go its hold—dusting is scarce easier. As easy for you to prove as it is for us to say so. Your grocer sells you a bar on this condition—that you get your money back if you're not satisfied.

Go by the book.

FELS-NAPHTHA

IN

HOUSEWORK.

THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

Madeleine Smith's Passionate Love Letters.

CRIES OF A LOST SOUL.

Madeleine Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 30, 1857, for the murder of her lover.

Without question the lover, Emile L'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passionate series of love letters from Madeleine to L'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established; and a request came from many of our readers that we should relate the circumstances of the older tragedy.

To-day we continue the narrative, so moving and so real in its intimate revelations of the working of a young girl's soul under the stress of an overwhelming passion.

CHAPTER IV.

Mad With Love—"I Cannot Eat"—L'Angelier's Jealousy—Pathetic Passages—The Rift in the Lute.

In the last chapter we showed how L'Angelier had woven the toils round this poor girl. But the curtain was not yet to be rung down upon Act II. of the tragedy. The period of romantic love, full as it was of self-deception on the girl's part, at any rate, had to run its course. No one can read these letters and fail to see that she was unfeignedly and deeply in love. Her words breathe a passion terrible enough to have come straight out of Æschylus; and one sometimes wonders what L'Angelier's letters could have been like either in answer to or to call up such epistles.

It is still the summer of 1856, the Smith family are still at their summer home near Helensburgh, and L'Angelier continued his covert meetings with the girl, travelling the fifty miles there and back, nearly every fortnight, sometimes once a week. By that strange irony so often found in cases of this kind, more than once L'Angelier travelled in the same steamer from Glasgow to Helensburgh as the one used by Mr. Smith. Whether L'Angelier knew by sight the father of his victim is doubtful. It is quite certain that Mr. Smith did not know L'Angelier from Adam. They may have even rubbed shoulders on the deck—if only the father had guessed what the little, foreign-looking man was carrying about in his breast pocket what a different ending might have ensued.

HEART CRIES OF A SOUL.

A few more of these Helensburgh letters and we can leave this part of the story. And here it may be mentioned that L'Angelier used these letters at a later stage to put pressure upon his mistress. They bore down at the trial to show how great a motive Madeleine Smith had to suppress them. Consequently it is necessary to give them rather fully; they resulted in a verdict of "Not Proven"—yet it cannot be convincingly urged that they justified even such a stain upon the accused person's memory.

They are, in reality, neither more nor less than the heart cries of a poor lost human soul, out of her depths, mad with love, played with by a deeper and more worldly-nature than her own. However indiscreet they were, however terrible they seem to us reading them by the light of another age, they are not in themselves strong ground enough on which to found the least adverse of verdicts. Mrs. Maybrick suffered because she was not a "Not Proven" in our English law; it is not too much to say that Madeleine Smith suffered just because "Not Proven" exists in Scottish law.

The last letter from Helensburgh looked forward with joy to the day when they would be married and alone together, and happy in their little home.

The next letter is dated June 27, and runs:—

Beloved, Dearly beloved husband, Sweet Emile,—How I long to call you mine; never more to leave you. What must occur ere that takes place God only knows! I often fear some cloud may yet fall on our path and mar our happiness for a long time. I shall never cause you unhappiness again. No, I was unkind, cruel, unloving, but it shall never be repeated. No, I am now a wife, a wife in every sense of the word, and it is my duty to conduct myself as such. Yes; I shall behave now more to your mind. I am no longer a child. I shall now tell you as I now (I am all alone in my little bedroom) you would never mention your home as being

humble. I have a small room on the ground floor—very small—so don't fancy I could not put up in small rooms and with humble fair. But if you think it would do you good—a tour—go by all means for six months or so. I trust you will take great care of yourself, and not forget your Mimi. Oh, how I love that name of Mimi! You shall always call me by that name; and, dearest Emile, if ever we should have a daughter, I should like you to allow me to call her Mimi for her father's sake. . . . As you ask me, I shall burn your last letter. . . . I was ill the beginning of this week, so if I should have the happiness to see you Tuesday night, I shall be quite well. I think I feel better this week. I cannot eat. I have not taken any breakfast for about two months, not even a cup of tea, nothing till I get luncheon at one o'clock. I don't sleep much. I wonder, and so does M., that my looks are not changed; but I look well, as if I am content and well. . . . But I must go to bed, as I feel cold; so good-night. Would to God it were to be by your side, I would feel well and happy then.

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

Good-night. God bless you. A kiss, pet love.

If, dear love, you could write me as I might get it Tuesday morning, but if you cannot say, then Wednesday. Farewell, dear husband of my dear Mimi. My own dear Mimi. My pet, my own Emile. A kiss, a fond embrace. Good-night, a kiss.

That trouble was brewing is only too evident from the letters that followed. L'Angelier was terribly jealous; he may have known, what all men who do wrong as he did, know that it is easier to raise the whirlwind than to allay it. Honour rooted in dishonour can scarcely ever stand in this world, and the human being who strives to bind another to him by the cords of falsity and deception and sin must always go haunted with the dread that he in his turn will be deceived.

YOUR WIFE BEFORE GOD.

Necessarily we find her letters more and more filled with excuses and explanations, promises not to offend him in any way, assertions that she was his only in thought and deed, present or absent. "My sweet beloved and dearest Emile," she writes in July,

I shall begin and answer your dear long letter. In the first place, how are you? Better I trust. You know I did feel disappointed at not taking place in September. But as it could not, why then I just made up my mind to be content, and trust it will be before long. We shall fix about that next meeting which I hope won't be long. Emile, dear husband, how can you express such words—that you mar my amusements, and that you are a bore to me. Fie, fie, dear Emile, you must not say so again, you must not even think so. It is so very unkind of you. Why I would be very unhappy if you were not near me. I did laugh at your pinning my little flower to your shirt.

I always put your flowers into books—in the drawing-room, there I can go and look at them at any time. Do not weep, darling, fond husband. It makes me sad to think you weep. Do not do it, darling—a fond embrace and dear kiss to you, sweet and much-loved Emile. Our intimacy has not been criminal as I am your wife before God—so it has been a sin—our loving each other. No darling, fond Emile, I am your wife. I shall cease to be childish and thoughtless. I shall do all I can to please you and retain your truly dear, fond love. You know I have wished as much as you to give you my likeness. But I have not had an opportunity. I promise you you shall have it some day—so that promise won't be broken. If I did not sign my name it was for no reason. Unless it is to a stranger I never do put Smith, only Madeleine. You shall, dear love, have all your letters back. Emile, love, you are wrong. If I did feel cool towards you in winter—I never gave one thought of love to any other. No other image has ever filled my heart since I knew you. I might admire some people, but on my soul I never did love, since I knew you, any but my own dear, fond, and beloved Emile.

I am so glad you go and take a walk on Sunday. I would rather you did so as to church, as I think the country air would do you more good—and you can read prayers to yourself in the evening.

There follows in the next letter the tender little touch of a good woman writing to her fiancé, who is known to all her family and looked forward to as a welcome and eligible husband. It is pathetic. She meets and combats his little ebullitions of temper, soothes him down, bids him look with hope on the certain future. None can study this portion of the narrative without enveloping both man and woman with an immense pity—as much for him, perhaps, as for her, poor nameless, wandering adventurer that he was, finding among strangers and in the midst of his nomad life one corner of sweetness. "My own beloved Emile," she writes,

When we are married it will be my constant endeavour to please you, and to add to your comfort. I shall try to study you; and when you give me a little out of temper I shall try and pet you, dearest—kiss and fondle. I was not astonished at your thinking me cool, for I

really have been in fault. But it is my way. But I must change it to you. I shall try and be more affectionate for the future. You know I love you dearly. Ah! Emile, you possess my love and I do not love any other but I do you; and, believe me, I shall ever remain true to you. I think a woman who can be untrue ought to be banished from society. It is a most heartless thing. After your disappointment, dearest Emile, I wonder you would have had any confidence in another. But I feel that you have confidence in me, or you would not love me as you do. I long for the day when we shall be always together. . . .

L'Angelier's reply to this was evidently in a soothing vein, for in the next letter written by Madeleine we find that she considers any little difference made up. Passages point to the important fact that L'Angelier was not a man of robust constitution. And not in this letter alone do we find constant references to his ill-health. There is no reason to believe that he merely used this as one of his weapons, nevertheless, in Madeleine's compassion. This fact must be borne in mind, for it had an important bearing upon the final stages of the narrative.

TELL ME ALL YOU THINK.

After thanking him for his last letter—"It is kind and I shall love you more for writing me such a letter. Dearest, I do love you for telling me all you think of me"—she goes on to write

Emile, I am sorry you are ill. I trust to God you are better. For the love of heaven take care of yourself—leave town for a day or two. Yes, I think by all means go to Mrs. M'Lan's. It will do you much good, only come back to me. Yes, Emile, you ought in those sad moments of yours to consider you have a wife. I am as much your wife as if we had been married a year. You cannot, will not, leave me, your wife. Oh, for pity's sake, do not go. I will do all you ask, rely remain in this country. I shall keep all my promises. I shall not be thoughtless and indifferent to you. On my soul, I love you and adore you with the love of a wife. I will do anything—I will do all you mention in your letters—to please you, only do not leave me or forsake me. I entreat of you, my husband, my fondly beloved Emile, only stay and be my guide, my husband, dear. You are my all—my only dear love.

L'ANGELIER'S THREATS.

The last passage shows that L'Angelier never tired of threatening her that he would leave Scotland for ever. In those early stages this was in fact the principal hold he had over her. We have seen how Lima and Peru were hung in terror over her several months before. . . . Now it was Africa that he used as the land into which he meant to disappear. Madeleine goes on in this letter:—

Have confidence in me, sweet pet. Trust me. Heaven is my witness I shall never prove untrue to you—I shall be, I am, your wife. No other one shall I ever marry. I promise I shall not go about the streets, Emile, more than you have said. We went about too much. I shall not go about much. But one thing you must promise me is this—that if you should meet me at any time in Buchanan-street and Sauchiehall-street you will not look on me crossly. For it almost made me weep on the street last winter, sometimes, when you hardly looked at me. . . . Now, Emile, I shall keep all my promises. I have made to you. I shall love and obey you—my duty as your wife is to do so. I shall do all you want me, trust me. Keep yourself easy. I know what awaits me if I do what you disapprove—off you go. That shall always be in my mind—go never more to return. The day that occurs I hope I may die. Yes, I shall never wish to look on the face of my again. You would die in Africa, then your death would be at my hands—God forbid—trust me, I love you—yes, love you for yourself alone. I adore you with my heart and soul. Emile, I swear to you I shall do all you wish and ask me. I love you more than life. I am thine, thine own Mimi L'Angelier. Emile, you shall have all your letters in the first time we meet. It may cost me a sigh and pang, but you shall have them all.

Then, in the last paragraph of all, comes the first written reference to the one real rift in the lute:—

Minnoch left this morning—say nothing to him in passing. It will only give him cause to say you did not behave in a gentlemanly manner. Do not do it. He said nothing to me out of place; but I was not a moment with him by myself. I did not wish to be alone with him.

Mr. William Minnoch was a Glasgow merchant, and in a very favourable position. Entirely eligible, he had been paying attentions to Madeleine for some months, and her parents, no doubt with the memory of the L'Angelier flirtation in their minds, had given him every encouragement. It is also quite certain that at this stage Madeleine would have nothing to do with him. Her letters about him to L'Angelier were no mere pretence; she treated him with the utmost coolness, so much so, indeed, that it was months before he got beyond the point where our latter-day language we are used to call "interested." Needless to say, L'Angelier was terribly jealous, at that time quite without cause. But it was a jealousy easily placated when he and Madeleine were together; it sprang up directly they were apart.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Burglary Epidemic.



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